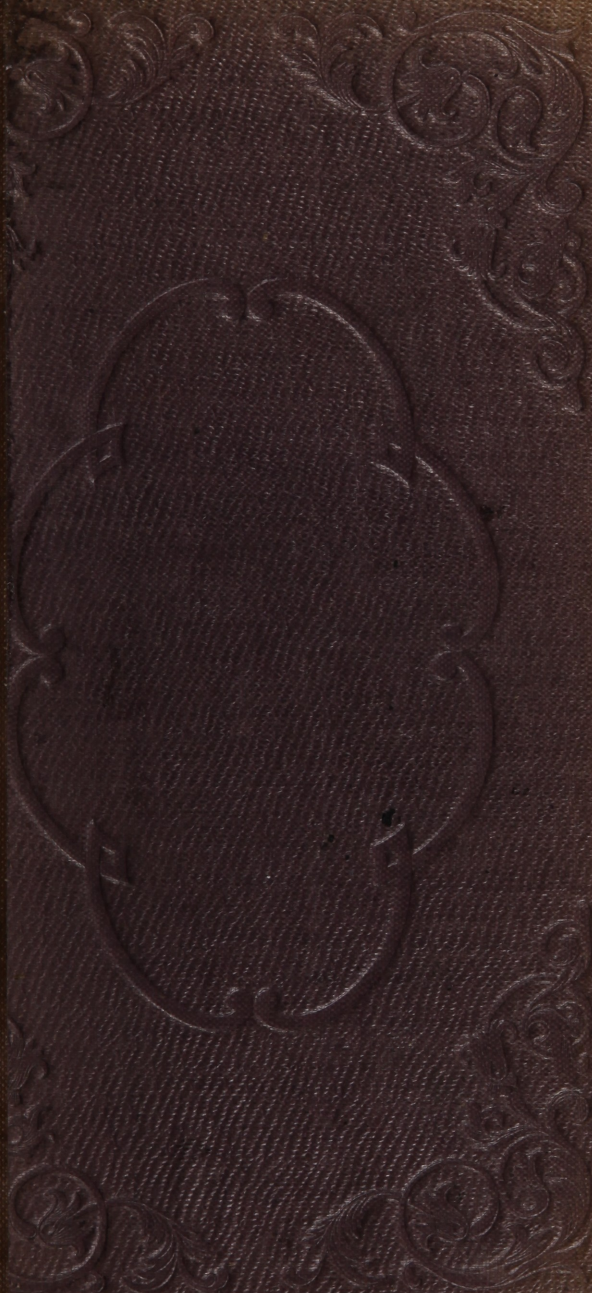


WCH
S332d
1856



178/1-1
Surgeon General's Office

LIBRARY

ANNE

Section,

No. 12796 80

John

DR. C. E. NICHOLS

THEORY OF VIBRATION

BY C. E. NICHOLS

NEW YORK

1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

1900

DR. C. G. G. NITTINGER'S

EVILS OF VACCINATION,

BY

C. C. SCHIEFERDECKER, M. D.

I. Corinthians, iii. 27. 17

Surgeon Genl's Office.
LIBRARY.
12796
Washington, D. C.

PHILADELPHIA:

TO BE HAD OF THE EDITOR, OR ANY RESPECTABLE
BOOKSELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.

1856.

ANNEX

Small pop

WCH
S332d
1856

Film No. 4810, no. 2

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by

C. C. SCHIEFERDECKER, M. D.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court, of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

PRINTED BY HENRY B. ASHMEAD,

GEORGE STREET ABOVE ELEVENTH.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC.

IN presenting and recommending the contents of this little volume to the friendly consideration of the public in general, and physicians in particular, I am perfectly aware of the terrible outcry that will be raised against it and me; I also acknowledge the truth that nobody stands there in his time, so perfect and independent, that he would not err and sin with that time. I therefore hope I will be forgiven when I am wrong—may he do better who finds fault with the following. It concerns and aims at the benefit of mankind, and has thus great claim on the consideration of the people. It is a battle against the faith of more than half a century, taught by physicians, upheld by the clergy, and blindly believed in by the people. The odds are fearful; yet truth is mighty. I only ask for fair play. Let the struggle be an open and honest one, not carried on in the sick-chamber of the deceived people, or with assassin weapons that shun daylight and the front of the opponent.

I have abstained from the publication of statistical tables, sustaining the contents of this book, and already prepared, but will mention their result.

The increase of the population of the United States of America is immense, but it is certainly not owing to causes that would prove a pre-eminently increased healthy state of the people, because such increase of population depends on—

1, *A healthy power of generation.* 2, *A strong desire for generation: and* 3, *Social furtherance of generation.*

When we here cannot complain of a want in these latter two requirements, the absence of the first acts very injuriously, for notwithstanding the large number of births, the existence of a healthy generative power is contradicted:—

1. *On the part of the male:* (a) by the greater mortality of the sex, (1 : 29,) (b) by the inability of men to bear the fatigues of a campaign, (Mexico,) and (c) by the weakness and liability to disease of men in general.

2. *On the part of the female:* (a) by the greater mortality of the sex, (1 : 41,) (b) by the increased sufferings during pregnancy, (c) by the frequent premature births, (d) by the more frequently required obstetrical operations, and (e) by the unhappy experience that the child-bed becomes generally a sick-bed, and often a death-bed; (formerly the eighty-first died, now the twenty-third.)

3. *On the part of the child:* (a) by the fact that the fruit from such diseased seed and soil comes diseased into the world, (b) that generally one-half of the deaths are those of infants, and (c) by the daily increasing number of still-born children.

C. C. SCHIEFERDECKER, M. D.

Philadelphia, January, 1856.

A WORD TO PHYSICIANS.

VACCINATION belongs not to the "science," it is neither a "remedium," nor even a "remedium anceps." It rests "a priori" upon ignorance; should everything that happens afterwards in the world, in and on man, belong to Medicine? My scientific conscience is not so wide. What nobody understands, is for nobody a science. Vaccination is mere "usus." What nobody knows, so much knows every body; in vaccination there are neither wise-men nor lay-men, but only *vaccine practitioners* and *vaccine carriers*; every body who has five senses, and perceives the consequences of vaccination, or feels them even on himself, has a perfect right to judge of it. It belongs therefore, more perhaps, than any other object, on the broadest basis of publicity, before that public which offers its skin for it, and lays at stake its welfare and life. While Medicine slept, vaccination has crept illegally into it; it has borrowed the mask of science, and is *neither founded in reason*, for poison poisons the healthy, and kills the sickly; *nor in nature*, for the instinct abhors it; *nor in physiology*, for then the whole doctrine of resorption and endermaty would be false, it would be (punctum saliens!) the *victorious* autonomy of the life-power in the exportation through the skin, an untruth; *nor in the chemistry*, for even a tyro would not pretend to neutralize acid by acid, alkali by alkali, as the physician, pox by pox; *nor in the dignity of man*, for who will throw poison about him, against the possibly destructive effect of which he has no antidote ready? A young country-girl told the young student, Jenner, who in playing with her felt her blisters, she would never get the small-pox, because she had the cow-pox. More than this tradition has neither the pompous university science, nor anybody else learned of vaccination; and our most eminent physicians and surgeons believe, but do not know more than what that girl has chatted with the student in the cow-stable. The constancy in this faith has lasted now some fifty years, and robbed the life's autonomy of its crown, and reason of its right.

Every destructive poison can destroy every organ: the stomach and intestines of one, the urinary organs of another, the chest of a third, the senses and joints of a fourth: we see this in the syphilis, gout, rheumatism, the vegetable and mineral poisons. Where the small-pox poison settles itself, there it produces its disease-forms, different according to the different bodies and times. Is it not much more the duty of

the medical world to study the pox-matter, and to explain by it the singular conditions of the disease of our times, than merely to laud its assumed benefits, and malignantly scorn at every doubter? Without an accurate knowledge of the organico-chemical powers, we are never able to penetrate into the laws of the life-power.

The question: whether small-pox and cow-pox are identical, is sufficiently answered in the affirmative by a number of eminent physicians, among which Dr. Ceely of Ailesbury, distinguishes himself; but I add here a letter which speaks unmistakably for itself.

Pruz, Tyrol, October 16, 1850.

————— "The identity of the vaccina and variola is beyond any doubt established by the fact, that in the year of 1846, every one of the children whom the surgeon F. . . . in the valley of Poznan vaccinated, was attacked by the real small-pox, which infected then the grown-up people. F. . . . was much troubled by this unexpected circumstance. Among the people the greatest indignation was roused against vaccination, which has spread all over Tyrol. I, as Imperial Supervising Physician, was often compelled by my official position, to inspect this *artificial* epidemic.

HOCHENBERGER, Imperial Supervising Physician."

Enormous is the ignorance of the vaccinator, and reaches the gigantic height where shame begins; he can break, but not mend the pot. Mightily shines the light of the culture of natural history; first, Astronomy and Physic skinned themselves, then Mineralogy and Chemistry, then Botany got a firm natural basis, and finally Zoology. New forms of thought produced their natural systems; the searching power of the human mind solved first the distant questions, descended from the sun of Copernicus down through the steps of nature, and remained standing finally still *before*, I say *before* its own shrine: *humanity*. Man dislikes nothing more than self-contemplation. Instead of emulating, and not remaining behind the sister sciences, Medicine built thoughtlessly a "pons asinorum," with vaccine poison, octroyized for the human family diseases, and existed, arrogantly simpering to this hour, without system. Quackery has lifted its head, builds palaces, and the thermometer and barometer of nations sinks bodily and mentally. Man is not such an unconditional poison-plant, as names of diseases the polylogic medical code enumerates. How many poison-springs could he then carry in himself?

More earnest than ever now, when, in consequence of vaccination, the Oriental free pox-poison, the cholera, is permitted to slay "ad libitum," rises the medical sphynx, and asks the old questions—

"What is the nature of the small-pox poison?"

How many poisons may the human body produce? Which

are the interior enemies of human life, the germs of suffering and death of the human family here on earth? And in what connection are they with the element from which we live? for whatever contains the laws of joy and life, must also contain those of our pains and death.

Like the wings of a gloomy night-butterfly, a rich colored thread draws through the labyrinth of the graves of our ancestors. The symptoms are only the colors, but the nature, the seed of the diseases, is winged DEATH, as he appears in the principal results of rational research, and of dissections of different times and epidemics; as he shows himself to be *animal poison*, viz., small-pox poison, by chemical analysis to our eyes, and proves himself as such in the practice. Look up from the death-history of humanity and see into the blue arch of heaven! There also, every thing was to go according to the almanac, as before according to the code of disease without sense and plan? No! "*Tempora mutantur, et nos et animalia et plantæ et omnis creatura in illis.*" To find out these mutations, to observe and remove the *animal poison*, is the reform-problem.

The vaccination cataract will then be removed from our eyes, and the gloomy truth overwhelm us, that there is nothing more dangerous for the welfare of men, than a medical optimism; that our bodily sufferings have increased in number and power, that we have by vaccination merely spoiled the form of disease, and made worse the disease itself.

I hope for moral and technical support in this war against the Vaccine Medusa, but fear I will now be traduced and scandalized as before, whenever I have spoken honestly my conviction.

I wish I had, as Pericles of old, the thunder on my tongue, and the lightning in my pen, to rouse the people and science from their lethargic sleep.

Every physician and all the people are very careful with the smaller poisons, of which the lowest are—

1. The mineral poisons: arsenic, antimony, copper, sublimat, vitriol, bismuth, concentrated acids, &c.

2. The vegetable poisons, particularly the narcotic, prussic acid, opium, hyoscyamus, belladonna, stramonium, hemlock, toad-stool, &c.

By the inoculation of these poisons à la vaccine, in the legs of dogs, cats, of a lamb, in the wings of a pigeon, we are unable to make them seriously ill. I offer my own arm for such experiments, if desired, but I will fight with sword and powder against the inoculation:

3. *Of poisons of living animals, more yet, of their corpses,*

(animal poison,) f. i., the glanders of horses, the murrain, the saliva of mad dogs, the fresh pox of cows and sheep, the cadaverous pox of the vaccination lancet, &c. These poisons, particularly of animals who suckle their young, are absorbed by the human fluids and textures with wonderful rapidity, and connected with them most tenaciously like rust and iron. The effect is (*a*) a *primary, stormy, and fatal* one, or (*b*) a *secondary, lasting, diseasing* one. The bite of a mad dog, often hardly perceptible, produces rabies either at once, and is generally fatal; or after two, seven, eleven, fifteen, twenty-one years; syphilis will mix, if not entirely eradicated itself, in every act and disease of after-life.

4. *Of human poisons.* We avoid every one justly, who has the itch, small-pox, lues, nervous fever, cancer, all contagious diseases in general. We are afraid of the smallest wound in the skin under such circumstances, and know perfectly well the terrible and fatal effects of such impurities, particularly of cadavers.

Consider then the most unfortunate position of a tender infant, that cannot struggle and resist. It is poisoned without regard to the above mentioned circumstances; without regard to season and climate; without regard to the condition of its parents; without regard to poverty and domestic relations; without regard to good or bad care; without regard to teething; without regard to the processes of growth and development of its organs and systems, which are connected with so many irritations in blood and nerves; without regard to the tendency of the infantile body to receive not only readily, external influences of every kind, but also to oppose them violently; without mercy, because the vaccinator understands of what he does, not more than the vaccinated infant; without knowledge of his vaccine matter, for the vaccinator takes what he has, and gets—

- a. Fresh vaccine lymph,*
- b. Cadaverous vaccine lymph,*
- c. Pure humanized lymph,*
- d. Cadaverous humanized lymph,*
- e. Impure, depraved, humanized lymph; viz., such which is taken from children who are diseased from birth;*
- f. Cadaverous, humanized, depraved lymph, which is preserved in the vaccine bottle.*

Without an idea whether *the lymph contains strong or weak poison*, delves the vaccinator the lymph he has, into the open wound of the infantile arms.

Pause, O physician! reflect before you destroy! Your responsibility is terrible. The human body is the temple of God, you are its earthly guardian.

INTRODUCTORY.

P. MABILLON tells us, that he who made a valuable present to a cloister, got a box on the ear as a receipt. The greater the value of such a present, the harder was the box. The church gave, therefore, every one who presented a new truth, standing as a spiritual good far above the material, for a receipt, cuffs and boxes, which not unfrequently resulted in death. In the same manner, she acknowledged the lighting of far better lights than her common wax candles, with kindling funeral piles. Every one who tells a new truth, may, therefore, very naturally expect to be treated with boxes and cuffs; He, the only one who never said anything but the most sublime truths, received in Jerusalem blows and death.

It is an ominous fact, that the Medical Science was always either entirely arrogated by the priesthood, or, when given into the hands of a distinct class, its followers would find it their interest to league with the priesthood. This will easily explain why the Medical guild, imitating their older and more experienced confederates, would also seek to hide themselves behind a veil of sanctimonious mystery, and pay every one who dared to touch this veil by truth, with the same coin the church did. "The

Science," par excellence, remained jesuitically content, in regard to the people, with the literal explanation of the word, KNOW THYSELF, without being willing to TEACH this knowledge; and even now every public lecturer or writer on matters pertaining to our bodily welfare, is abused and persecuted. This has been my fate ever since I left the old trodden path of scientific mummery, and tried to teach the people simple and wholesome truth by word and deed; it will be my fate doubly now, when I in these pages, expose the criminal guilt of the faculty, in not only not opposing the introduction of vaccination, but in executing it themselves on the innocent offspring of their time. The physicians cannot now plead ignorance of its ruinous effects, for daily observation shows them to the most painful extent. They cannot excuse themselves with its legality; for in Spain, the inquisition; in France, the torture; in Germany, the cutting off of hands, and tearing out of tongues; and here in America, the burning of witches,—was also lawful! and yet, they all have fallen into the dismal abyss of execration in their flight before enlightened reason!

The non-use of reason in the Medical Science, is the cause of its want in positive progress. The present sheet-anchors of the practice—venesection, leeches, vomitives, purgatives, iodine, quicksilver—do they satisfy real science? or are they able to exorcise death? Why, then, the continued fruitless hunting for new and absurd remedies, even of the most disgusting character, viz. liver oil, guano, urea?

Why do even physicians resort to quack nostrums, or to such most ridiculous hallucinations as that of Hunter's inhalations of vitiated air in consumption? No science has yet been degraded by its own vagaries so deeply as the Medical.

Every science develops itself in three periods: the first is *that of blind faith*; the second, *that of smart sophistication*; and the third, *that of sober investigation*. The religious period of science, for instance, in regard to the treatment of small-pox in later times, was *vaccination*; the sophistic period, *revaccination*, scar theory, and a vaccine table system. Let us now solve the last problem; for *as long as we renounce experience, which creates knowledge, we banish real science*, (Liebig,) and favor the ascendancy of every trumpet humbug.

The object of this pamphlet, is to prove *vaccination* to be *nonsense before reason*—*a miserable illusion, in a scientific point of view*, and, in regard to history, *the greatest crime* that has been committed in this last century. The truth of these positions I have asserted these last fifteen years, and wherever I could, I have saved infants from this cruel poisoning; but I felt myself so alone already, on account of my curative views, that I would not write on the subject, because I could hardly expect that any good would come from my single-handed protest. But what I have felt, and what I have preached for years, now shakes with thunder-sounds the proud walls of senseless self-sufficiency and lethargic routine. In the heart of Europe, a great and good man, Dr. Nit-

tinger, regardless of abuse and malice, has told in mighty words the truth :

“By vaccination, *humanity has progressively lost*: (a,) *in number*, (b,) *in quality and life-duration*,—the *diseases have gained in number, power* and (c,) *tenacity* ;” and while in humble gratitude I pray to the Almighty to speed his work, I have translated, extracted and adapted his book for publication in this country. May the faculties of this country, like those of France and Germany, as well as all the laymen, ponder well over its hints ; and may the work thus begun in this country, be continued and finished by abler hands than mine.

Meanwhile, I beg every parent who is requested by a physician to have his child vaccinated, to put to him the following questions :

1. Do you know the nature of the small-pox poison ? (No !)

2. Do you know the nature of the vaccine poison ? (No !)

3. Do you know how, in vaccination, both work upon and against each other ? (No !)

4. Can you deny that vaccinating is poisoning ? and excuse it because destruction does not always follow a senseless method ?

5. Have you got sure remedies against the small-pox ?—and if you have poisoned my child—against the vaccine-poison ?—or, will you satisfy me with the consolation, that kind Nature will often bear and conquer the most terrible consequences of the most senseless treatment ?

6. Every tradesman knows his tools, materials and rules,—have you a criterion for vaccination?

7. And what nobody knows, you call method?—science?—or even archaic physiology?

8. Can you deny, that not every agent produces in every man the same effect?

9. Can you tell me, why whole countries have, without vaccination, remained free from small-pox-epidemics?

10. Can you deny that, since 1846, the small-pox-epidemic progresses incessantly? Has vaccination held back the small-pox even a hair's breadth? Have you any other remedy to oppose that scourge with, but the deceptive one now in use? or do you believe, that on the Bank of Disease and Death, a paper—the receipt for a vaccination-fee—will be received for full payment?

11. Is, in the history of mankind, vaccination the only and isolated case, that a whole century or a nation has believed, judged and undertaken things, which we do not believe, judge quite differently and never undertake?

12. Can you deny that absurdity reigns without logic? and that many a victim has appeared before God's throne without his time having run out?

C. C. SCHIEFERDECKER, M. D.

THE

EVILS OF VACCINATION.

§ 1. The flourishing condition of a country depends principally on the number and well-being of its inhabitants. Whatever decreases these, is an enemy. The greatest mischief has been done by sanguinary wars and epidemic diseases; to take precautionary measures against these hostile interferences in the happy progress of nations, is the duty of governments and individuals, and requires prudence, power and courage.

In our exciting times, when the peace-tired people call everywhere for warlike preparations, the medical staff should also arouse themselves from their lethargy for a struggle with the sneakingly spreading enemy of the *internal* and *external small-pox*, which, as I intend to show below, is the source of most of our misfortunes. The bloody wars, the most fatal epidemics, have never caused such dreadful devastations among nations, as the small-pox, when we consider that formerly, this disease slaughtered in Europe, yearly, near half a million of victims. Is it to be wondered

at, then, when the layman, who only with difficulty conquers his instinctive aversion against vaccination, looks anxiously at the effects around him, where small-pox-cases are daily increasing; when he begins to distrust the preventive, which has deceived him once, and deceives him again in the re-vaccination; more yet, when under the eyes of the observing physician, the poison in its first stages, in its germ, growth and bloom, diseases whole families, and now every where clearly approaches the time of harvest?

Not the small-pox, appearing in proper form on the surface, is now to be feared; but the matter, that disturbs, paralyzes and destroys the inner and higher organs, which, without developing its power outwardly, remains in our interior shut up, is the most dangerous enemy. A man looks well, and is apparently healthy, but the poison has penetrated his vitals, and insidiously undermined the supports and organs of life, till its fruits are ripe, and death reaps the harvest. Should not, under such circumstances, the physician be startled up from his easy couch of inherited faith on the preventive power of vaccination? Should he not, free from authorities and oracles, scrutinize more thoroughly the history of Medicine, and dive deeper into Nature and her work, in order to gain, in the extraordinary presence, that knowledge and direction, for which he *can answer in the future* before science and those who honor him with the most sacred trust? *Faith is not Science.*

§ 2. I know I have to travel a hard road! It leads me among the Pietists and Fanatics of Medi-

cine ; and the clamor against him who condemns the sacred institute of Vaccination, will be like the roaring of those who defend the faith on other mystical fallacies. I feel, like Sarcone, that I am a physician and a man. The difficulties of art, and the limits of the human mind, circumscribe me. But, whatever may be the consequence, I shall be happy, if I have marked the first lines for the work of medical liberation, which others may and will finish. Every hint at a new truth in the healing art, is a benefit for the human family !

To proscribe and to prevent Vaccination, is the object of these pages. For this object, I propose to prove, in the shortest possible manner, the truth of the following three conclusions :

I. *Vaccination appears before the tribunal of Reason as NONSENSE !*

II. *Vaccination shows itself in the light of Science, as a MISERABLE ILLUSION !*

III. *Vaccination proves itself, in the history of humanity, to be the GREATEST CRIME committed in this last century !*

FIRST THESIS.

VACCINATION BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF REASON.

§ 3. To restore order and equilibrium, power was always counterpoised by power, courage by courage, prudence by prudence; overweight by counterweight,

and everybody understood, why one poison should be annihilated by a counter-poison—an antidote. In our century a new idea, entirely unique, sprang up. Nobody knew an antidote against the small-pox ; but the poisoned lancet was thrown into the scale of life, sunken with small-pox-poison, and vanity triumphantly glorified the act. Pox-poison must drive out pox-poison ; Satan must drive out Satan !

The pure human being, free from diseased matter, the innocent infant, is poisoned and consoled with the Mephistophelic declaration: “Now, it will certainly not get the small-pox !” The unfortunate being, who has already the poison in his body, receives more of the same poison, and is taught the arithmetic of witches, and told that “*twice one is none,*” and that the poison of the body is somehow or other swallowed and “digested” (Dr. Heime) by the poison of the lancet. This miraculous thing, which does not make unclean the clean, nor cleanses the unclean ; which is a poison, and yet protects both from its own effect ;—this miraculous thing, which acts all-mightily in every period of evolution and involution, in the infant as in the adult, in the woman as in the man, in the weak, scrofulous constitution, as in the iron one, and in every part of the world ;—this miraculous thing is a “*protective poison,*” like Moloch, a God in whose arms the infant suffers, sickens and dies.

Of this universal healing wonder of mankind, *we* do not yet know any but injurious and fatal effects ! Its most celebrated friends could not help but to ac-

knowledge this ; and we bless yet a poison as a remedial agent which we sow in joyful *faith*, to weep *rationaly* over the damage done by it. We flee before syphilis and avoid the itch ; and yet their contagious principle in its innermost nature, is a near kin to the small-pox, with the only difference, that the last is far more destructive than the former. If the strongest poison—that of the small-pox—protects from small-pox, then, without appearing paradoxical, syphilis must protect from syphilis, itch from itch, plague from plague ; and its inoculation should be insisted upon in all well-regulated communities. Pigeons, inoculated on the breast, get the most beautiful vaccine-pustules, syphilitic and itch-ulcers. Why should we, then, be so one-sided and partial with the vaccine ?

§ 4. Like the odor of musk, and the color of cochineal, the small-pox-poison divides itself wonderfully ; penetrates everywhere ; clings to everything—to clothes, furniture, beds, walls, domestic animals, to everything on which the exhalation can fasten itself ; neither air nor time destroys it. This poison, then, whose atomically smallest quantity, for which even a Homœopathist could not find a number, which the governments try to keep off by police-measures of the strictest character, must, according to law, be *incorporated* in the delicate inner economy of the human body, even of the tender infant ; and this, not Homœopathetically, but the full fresh matter, *the more the better* for the well-being of the human family ! A merely cursory look into history, shows

us that Leprosy came to an end; afterwards, the Plague also; Syphilis lost its epidemic character, &c. Have human exertions done this? or does, in the nature of these evils, also lie the foundation and duration of their existence? and has everything its time?

How shall I comprehend that, like those contagious diseases, the small-pox will also dissolve itself and disappear, if the poison is kept in the body artificially, as a standing article, by continued inoculation.

Let us suppose that the cow-pox-lymph be, what it is certainly not, a perfectly harmless matter, for the reception of which we in fun reach out our arms: who can give us security, that in vaccination and re-vaccination, no other diseased matters are introduced into our bodies? But as the vaccine-poison is, was, and will remain, from its first origin, nothing else but a poison of a narcotic character, which, in its divisibility, exceeds even prussic acid, must we then not ask, whether we, under all circumstances, can bring it into our body with impunity?

In regard to the smaller poisons: itch, syphilis, nervous fever, cancer, the public and physicians are very careful with a little cut, the least scratch, the bite of a leech, a plaster, and particularly with the lancet for venesection, because everybody knows the terrible consequences from any such neglect; experience teaches, *“that, if a lancet, besmeared with matter fresh out of a small-pox pustule, is immersed into a vein, the same effect is produced, as when the small-pox poison is brought into inner organs.”*

The symptoms of vaccination are those of intoxa-

tion, often similar to those of poisoned wounds: fever, vomiting, diarrhœa, swelling of glands, vehement local inflammation, &c.; nature clearly expresses her indignation against the unnatural intrusion. In the face of such experience, and against the conclusions of my own reason, I am asked to *have faith*, and to *be content, in the simplicity of my heart, with this paradox*:

“Small poisons, brought in the least scratch, are injurious; they poison, and must be carefully avoided; but the greatest of our poisons, brought into the body by 6, 8, 12, 18 lancet-cuts, are not only *not* injurious, but they *cannot* do any harm, they never have done, and they never will do harm; this *faith* is the faith of the country, and must not be attacked by the conclusions of *miserable reason*. To call the excitement of the body, after vaccination, a violent indignation of nature, is wicked: it is the incomprehensible act of transubstantiation, in which the bodily poison is swallowed and digested by the lancet-poison, and man rises out of such digestion purified from the small-pox-poison.”

This is one of those theories, of which Goethe says that they are *grey*, and Hamlet that they are *not true*. If I would assume that a rational being or government intended to poison first everybody, in order to cure them afterwards, all the world would call me mad; and yet governments order every year thousands of people to be poisoned by small-pox-poisons, and are in ecstasies about the progress and blessings of art. Nobody calls this madness!

SECOND THESIS.

VACCINATION BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF TRUTH.

§ 5. *Have we gained or lost by vaccination? Should we continue to vaccinate and be vaccinated?*

In the large cities of the United States of America, and all over the old settled parts of this country, a not-vaccinated person is of seldom occurrence; but we find a great many who have been two, three, four and five times vaccinated. Should we then not rightly expect that this country, before all others, should distinguish itself by the remarkable healthiness of its younger generation, and that it should shine a beacon-light for those millions who either vaccinate not at all, or at least very carelessly? How ashamed those stupid barbarians must be! how beautiful in growth and face the wise American,—and how misformed, pock-marked, wasted, sickly the Greek, the Oriental, the Mexican, and all barbarians must be, who do not immolate themselves and their children to vaccination? The fatigues of a campaign, the exposure to deprivation in the wilderness, and in the common life-scramble of social relations, should not leave an impression on such youthful heroes of art, while those, who laugh at vaccination, are so able to bear already so much!

But is this so? The unfortunate remaining few of the soldiers that went to Mexico, tell a terrible tale of the contrary! While the vaccinated English and French in the Crimea, are decimated by the smallest

exposure, the not-vaccinated Turks and Russians bear up under the same circumstances with great elastic tenacity! While in Africa, the source of the small-pox, some die of it, we are thinned by the terrible consequences of vaccination: small-pox, itch, typhus, and every kind of pustule-diseases, many of which were entirely unknown, before vaccination came in use.

There is a happy configuration and management of the soil here; the population is not densely packed as in other countries; we do not live under the pressure of poverty, of famine, or other particular calamities: there was no war in our midst, and the Mexican campaign was not an exhausting one; we enjoy liberty; marriages do not find obstacles: thus, every favorable element concurs for a prosperous physical progress; and yet we have *not gained* in a healthy development of the body, but we have clearly *lost*. Every new generation hastens forwards to bodily destruction, as if a worm was secretly gnawing at the root of life. This worm is the *small-pox poison*: the *genuine* as well as the *inoculated vaccine*. Its existence, without external pustule, is proved by chemistry; and its removal out of the reach of the human organization, not its increase, is asked from true science. Art should remove it by scientific care; Nature ejects it by pustular and other eruptions. It is truly a pity, that at present few only bring their poison to the surface, and thus have a short struggle, which is remunerated by durable health afterwards. The life-process of the fluids

and of the nervous system, is so much interfered with and weakened by the steady working of the poisoning method of vaccination, that a great many of the people have become too miserably feeble to drive the tough small-pox-poison out of the system. The poison continues to be produced in the hearth of digestion; uninterrupted by scientific interference, it remains in the interior organs, paralyzes and undermines the whole machinery of the human organism, appears to the superficial observer, in various forms of diseases of the sensibility, as well as of the irritability, re-production, secretion, and propulsion. The same poison produces in different organs and systems, in different bodies, families, nations, and zones, different effects, but gives always the diseases, particularly those of children, a malignant character. This is the absolutely sole and satanic protection, vaccination ever offers.

§ 6. "But," says Professor Dr. von Rapp, "you charge vaccination with various injurious effects, which cannot properly be imputed to it. The diseases which you attribute to vaccination, have already existed long before; or, if they are only now more accurately distinguished, they ought not to be derived from vaccination!"

I assert, and am ready to prove, that the *small-pox-poison* and the *vaccine-poison* are *identical*. As long as this fact is not clearly refuted, and as long as it is not proved that both of these poisons are of an essentially different nature, so that the one can serve as the antidote of the other, so long is it indif

ferent *how much* of injury in a disease is to be attributed to one or the other. They both together do injury, only that, in the one case, the injury is a *natural struggle* for health, while in the other, of vaccination, the injury is a *culpable act* of man. The variety of injury is far greater and more extensive than above mentioned, for it is infinite, incalculable. There is not one medicinal poison that has only *one* effect, and the vaccine-poison would alone be an exception!

If we, for instance, look at the multifarious effects of tartar emetic in different doses: pustules, other eruptions, nausea, sickness, pain in the stomach, vomiting, diarrhœa, cholera, perforation of the stomach and intestines, colic, inflammations and paralysis, gangrene, affections of the nerves, muscular weakness, suffering in the breast and head, disturbances of the senses and mind, palpitation, asthma, congestions, hemorrhage, fever, &c., &c.; if we consider the legion of symptoms produced by a narcotic, should we then believe that the most subtle poison which exists under the sun, the most powerful poison that tyrannizes the whole earth, would NOT possess the greatest power and multiplicity of effect?

“Very well, but all those diseases you impute to vaccination, have existed before,” &c.

The forms, I will grant, have existed; the construction of the human organism does not change; the *nature* of diseases remains always the same, and the necessary crises follow always the same laws. Every difference we see, consists only in the dif-

ferent reflexes. There were, and will always be, different kinds of vomiting, without tartar emetic. Unfortunately, there are many pathologists who will treat diseases according to their symptoms, as Linné the plants, after their filaments. In the attempt at the removal of human miseries, it is most important to look for their seed, their origin. He who says: fire is fire, lies under a mistake! for wood,—oil,—pitch,—alcohol fire, each of them requires a different means for extinction, yet fire existed always, but not the knowledge of its nature, its seed and origin. He who pours water on burning oil, commits no greater wrong than the physician who treats diseases by system only, their foundation may be the small-pox-poison or not. The most simple disturbance of the stomach, produced by this poison, can thus be driven into the most violent nervous fever, in consumption. Can we then console ourselves with the reflection, that *nervous fevers and consumptions have existed before*? The forms have existed, and will remain the same, but the causes change, and determine the weal and the wo of the end, and the manner of the active interference of the physician. Where the effects of tartar emetic are visible, there we have a tartar emetic disease before us, be it inflammation, spasms, cholera, or pustules: should we here, although these *disease-forms have existed before*, and although these forms have been successfully treated with tartar emetic and ipecac., again prescribe tartar emetic?—Most assuredly not!—And precisely so it is with the small-pox! Wherever in

a disease-form the small-pox-poison is active and visible, or only discernible by the symptoms, there we have a small-pox-disease before us, be it pustules, gastro-malaria, croup, whooping-cough, cholera, spinal affection, consumption, &c., &c. As little as we would cure vomiting, as above said, with tartar emetic, we would pretend to cure small-pox with small-pox, or with things that have affinities with the small-pox, viz. : whey, milk, beer, bad potatoes, and such things. Every contagious disease must continue to exist, although time may change its form even, till the remedy is found for its destruction : its momentary disappearance is not more than an optical delusion of the mind. I therefore must certainly acknowledge, that sufferings arising from small-pox-poison have always existed, but that is the very reason why we ought to be constantly on the look-out for it.

Since the more general introduction of vaccination among the people, diseases have slowly increased ; for we find on the Elysian fields of Pathology, besides the old and current diseases, a crop of other diseases springing up, partly entirely *new*, partly the usual ones with malignant character and unusual tenacity,—all of which have clearly their foundation in the small-pox-poison, and require quite a different cure-method.

The following is a rapid glance at the pitiable acquisition of our century, which may produce at least one good effect : “ that it will lead to reform in Medicine, and call the attention of observers and thinkers

to an examination of the immense area, the small-pox-poison now occupies :

1. *Diseases of the Sensibility.*

The English, who have brought vaccination into existence, have felt their blunder first in its progressive destruction ; they always precede us warningly with the punishment of terrible scourges, like angina, croup, typhus, softening of the stomach, putrid fever, cholera, and of other internal small-pox forms. And we ?—of course—we follow !

About fifty years after the first vaccination in England, Dr. Home complains :

“That the formerly more frequent inflammatory diseases have decreased, but that the number of those of an opposite character have immensely increased. The first, of which Sydenham speaks so much, do not at all exist in London any more ; and in Edinburg there is hardly seen a right strong inflammatory fever. The lingering putrid, or nervous fever, (*typhus nervosus*,) is most common ; and what is particularly remarkable, this slow fever attacks principally persons of an age which is generally most prone to strong inflammatory diseases, viz., the years from 18 to 30. This increase of such debility-fevers is clearly the consequence of the fact, that the people are getting every day less vigorous and weaker in general, &c.”

Everywhere, where vaccination was introduced, the same unhappy state of the human organism became visible ; and the longer and the more extensively peo-

ple indulged in this luxury, the clearer began physicians to write on typhus, which follows vaccination like its shadow, from place to place, from station to station. A general weakness of the muscles and nerves is thrown over all the people that worship the Moloch of vaccination. The slightest affection, if not very tenderly touched, takes soon a nervous turn, gets gangrenous, and laughs the physician in the face. It is most painful to observe the continued increase of spinal irritations, curvatures of the spine, palsies, chronic nervous sufferings, insanity, melancholy, suicide, mental debility and softening of the brain, apoplexy, hypochondry, hystery, dizziness, cramps, neuralgias, ischias, tic, nervous headache, disturbances of the senses, amaurose, hard hearing, general weakness, want of reaction in diseases, loss of sleep, &c.

2. *Diseases of the Irritability.*

Sensibility and *Irritability* are fellows! Therefore, weakness of muscles, particularly of the involuntary, which stand near the inner life;—trembling, rheumatic, gouty, stiff, contracted, useless members, pains in hip and back, swellings of the bones, caries, &c.

3. *Diseases of the Reproduction.*

The stomach! the stomach! and always the stomach! yet once more! the stomach plays the part of the hero in this present drama. The digestion is miserable, I would rather call it hysterical. Phlegm,

acidity, bitterness, heart-burn, flatulence, worms, carrion-stools, bad urine, constipation, diarrhœa, pressure, cramp, vomiting, softening of the stomach, dysentery, typhus (small-pox of the intestines) cholera, a pitiable condition of the sexual organs in males and females, queer appetite and sleep—all these exist and alternate with each other in Babylonian mixture.

4. *Diseases of the Secretion.*

The *spleen* suffers præminently, and reminds us of the diseased condition of the milt in domestic animals; next, the liver and other glands, particularly the mucous-preparing glands of the inner coating, in consequence of which, whooping-cough, croup, hectic consumption, influenza, scrofula, dropsy, chlorosis and scorbut, are so frequent. The itch has emancipated itself from the "*scientific itch-mite*;" syphilis seems to assume again the exanthematic character. Both show an immense number of infected victims; both like the company of the small-pox-poison; and all three give away to the same remedies. The skin, in fortunate cases, breaks out in many sharp eruptions, viz., pustules, papulæ, tetter, exanthems, furuncles; the miserable urinary organs help themselves sometimes by urinous, the intestines by hæmorrhoidal discharges, of a certain degree of heat and acidity.

5. *Diseases of Propulsion.*

The human heart shows itself here most clearly as the organ of feelings. Happiness, joy, pleasure,

emotion, affection, passion, inclination, longing, have lost their poetical rose-color; a more dark, melancholic tendency has entered the chambers of life. In the same manner, as the stomach does its unpleasant soccage-service, does the heart its duty of driving on the blood-circulation, with reluctance and difficulty. The blood has become blue-black, weak and thin; the serum greenish; bleedings are frequent; there is an inclination to mortification, passive congestions, palpitations, piles; all fevers and momentary symptoms change quickly, and the corpses turn soon blue and putrid.

§ 8. All these disturbances in the happy, healthy, lively interchanges between the organs of man, have existed and will exist. But as the bite of a good or bad dog, is to be judged, not according to external aspect, but according to the tooth that did bite: we must also in diseases of our times recognize the mask of a poison, which spreads desolation, sickness, misery, pains, tears, and often premature death among the people. The fresh and blooming grave of the virgin, the noble courage and strength of the young man, wither away under its secret influence. Often do we see a young corpse, but not the fatal weapon! Call it the genuine, or the vaccine-poison—enough! it is in various ways the pox-poison. Such misery is prevented, when Nature or Art succeed in throwing the poison from the interior to the surface;* and this

* As most signally in the case of Mrs. J. L——y here in Philadelphia, by the breaking out of a most violent attack of small-pox, and in very many other cases I had here in my hands.—Dr. S.

most radically, in its true original form as small-pox, or in bastard-form of any other matter-expulsion. The strength of the body used up in the sirocco of fever, is seldom able to drive the matter out by urine, sweat or in hæmorrhoidal crises. Nature generally and tyrannically calls for pus. Nature is in small-pox fully satisfied with suppuration, and blooms afterwards only the more beautifully. The bastard-forms: pustules, itchy and tettery eruption, boils, furuncles, gum-boils, suppurated, glands, sore fingers and feet, appear often as after-crises, the favorable influence of which, for health, ought to be higher valued than it is. Nature does not higggle with herself; she punishes, when it is done with the above-mentioned ills, for the natural law revenges itself by natural punishment.

Well then! will we rouse Nature further yet to rebellion, by vaccination? Will we further defy her clearly-announced law? Let it be granted for a moment that we could do it, while we really cannot do it: would we then be irresolute in the choice between a mark in the face, and a deep drought of the sufferings of life? A silly girl might, perhaps, fear the small evil, because she sees it, and choose for it thousand times greater ones, which she sees not and knows not. But should the physician immolate at the altar of cosmetics, the happiness of life and families? The present mode of treatment, and the progress of medicine in this respect, lessens the fear of disfiguration very much; the method of shutting the patient up in hot beds and rooms with his disease-exhalations

—of letting his dry lips languish for water, and his burning, parched skin bake in fever, is forgotten, and has made room for a more rational, cooling treatment, by means of which an intelligent physician can prevent almost, if not quite entirely, the disfiguring effect of the disease. But so long as the Chinese write with their present signs, so long is their progress impossible; and therefore, give the physician a different education. Be not mystified yourself by illegible signs and unintelligible sounds.

§ 9. Our present population give us the best opportunity for drawing comparisons in regard to the influence of Vaccination. We can divide our fellow-beings into three classes:

1. In those of from 1 to 25 years of age; nearly all vaccinated, and many re-vaccinated.

2. In those of from 25 to 50 years of age; born here, and mostly vaccinated, and some re-vaccinated; and

3. In those of from 50 to 80 years of age, not at all vaccinated in childhood.

Let us now compare the last class with the first and second. Justice is the basis of society. The people of this third class can and shall sift the present and the past, solve doubts, clear up darkness, and honor truth, whether their children and grandchildren have gained or lost on strength, fullness and well-being of life, by Vaccination. And truly, our seniors, who have lived and acted so infinitely more than we,—who have seen and fought the battles of freedom, and cultivated the wilderness, while we

always enjoyed the blessings of peace and plenty,—our seniors, I say, stand like strong oaks before us; they hardly know anything about nerves, spine, stomach, nothing of mucous diseases, nor of interior ulcerations. The grandfather sighs with feelings of pity and contempt: “What miserable fellows our descendants are; each of them requires more of medical attendance in one year, than I had in my whole life!” He digests yet with ease; is not oppressed by his meals; his ideas are clear and flowing; he is in the full enjoyment of his well-preserved body for all functions, and his head performs readily its duties; he has not squandered his money for medical quackery, and enjoys contentedly the means which his exertions and fortune have accumulated around him. The matron who has for twenty years or more fulfilled domestic duties, and who has borne, probably, many a severe trial,—look at her, how well preserved she is; how actively, cheerfully and healthily she moves about,—she is perplexed at things she cannot understand. She must buy for one daughter false hair; for another she has to cook something particular, her stomach being so very delicate; her grand-daughter she has to take to the country, on account of weakness and a troublesome cough; another grand-child she has to give cod-liver-oil for glandular difficulties; a third has a swollen goitre-neck; and a fourth has to be brought to the dentist; and—let us sing a loud hosannah for the vaccine-lancet!—the fifth must be sent to an Orthopædic Institute. The poor old lady is puzzled about this new name; she cannot pronounce

it! What a perverted world! The old are strong, the young weak: the old nurse the young! All you aged people attest, whether the scale of domestic happiness has sunk or risen, since Vaccination has become general. Speak you, aged pastors of the land, whether joy or premature suffering has grown in your folds?—say whether you hear yet in your temples the same clear sound of voices you heard formerly!—whether you see yet the healthy, ruddy faces, you admired in your youth, around you! You older teachers of schools bear witness whether there are more docile and healthy children, or more pale, weak, scrofulous, tettery, itchy, coughing ones now, than thirty or forty years ago! Tell me, O physiologist, wherefrom comes the smaller stature of the people?—the less marked formation of muscle and development?—the miserable condition of the mouth?—the languid expression of the physiognomy?—the green, yellowish hue of the face?—the lower degree of warmth of the body? And, finally, let us call on the servants to testify of the horrible excretions of the body—of the disgusting sweats in bed—of the loathsome condition of the body-linen—of the stench of chamber-vessels—of the decided carrion-smell of the clothes often in the cleanest and best families.

Speak, then, parents, priests, teachers, physiologists, servants! Your observations and conclusions will undoubtedly coincide in *one* point: that there must be at the foundation of this internal and external corruption of the people, a common cause, a cause of destructive effect. Let us consider our fair land

a garden, and its inhabitants the plants of this garden: Is all in this garden in order, perfection and splendor?—If this is not the case,—has, perhaps, the gardener a wrong method, or the root of the plants the worm? Or do, perhaps, both causes exist? *It is the unnaturally inoculated, and the natural small-pox!* Let the moralist think of this. Let the heart-broken mother answer thus the bitter sighs and the humble questions she sends with tearful eye up to heaven: why her darling thrives not? why it suffers so much? and why it is taken from her? Do not consult in this great question, of the weal and woe of our blessed land, the dim lights of University-liliputs, the jargon of arrogance, the self-complacency of scientific stupidities. A few instances do not prove a generality, and blasphemy cannot hold it up! The free eye looks its age into the eye, and judges the whole from above!

§ 10. Shall we have, then, the fearful small-pox again? Shall we, perhaps, venerate it as a benefit? By no means! But before I qualify my answer, tell me, my friend, “Where has the small-pox been these last fifty years? that is, the small-pox you fear so much; we will call it the *historical small-pox*?”—“The malignant small-pox of the 16th, 17th and 18th century, which made its appearance in so murderous a manner, often even with all the terrors of the bubo-plague, and against which medication did nothing,—where was it in this half of our century?” Has it, perchance, been kept and preserved among those who were not vaccinated; per-

haps, where the seed and root of the small-pox grew? No! Nowhere on the whole earth! Let us examine the principal years of terror of the last three centuries. They are:

1. *For the whole earth:* 1586. 1723.

2. *For America:*

Mexico; Hispaniola. 1518.

South America. 1728. 1750.

North America. 1717. 1738.

Hudson Bay. 1781.

3. *For Africa:* Cap. 1755.

4. *For Europe:*

A., *North*—

Russia. 1580. 1605.

Faroe Islands. 1651.

Iceland. 1707.

England. 1660–1692. 1729–1740. 1752.
1765.

Holland. 1562–1563. 1636. 1666.

B., *South*—

France. 1541. 1568. 1577. 1666. 1693.
1741.–1745.

Italy. 1551. 1567. 1717–1725. 1753–1755.

Switzerland. 1626. 1686. 1697. 1735. 1746.

Spain. 1517. 1529. 1564. 1648–1651.

C., *Middle*—

Germany and Hungary. 1519. 1530. 1542.

1552. 1624–1629. 1633. 1657. 1666.

1678–1679. 1689. 1696–1697. 1700–

1706. 1711–1714. 1715–1717. 1758.

1778. 1798. 1801. 1805.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the *historical* small-pox leaves us suddenly. The earth, vaccinated or not vaccinated, did not yet see in these last fifty years a time like the above-mentioned.

Did the murderer of millions run before a woman—Lady Montague—who, in 1722, came from the land of the former paradise bringing a modern Eva, in stockings—Inoculation—for an Adam's apple along to England? Or did the scourge fly before the vaccinating lancet of the German Plett, 1790, or of the more scribbling Jenner, to whom a milking country-wench offered the apple of temptation? Prove to me the existence of the historical small-pox at this time; and I will not yet believe in vaccination, but I will not scold and condemn it. But, surely, small-pox was gone!—did not exist any more!—long before vaccination was introduced! For, although on the 28th of May, 1799, the first child got vaccinated in Germany, the system was not generally introduced before 1820; and long before this year the historical small-pox had disappeared! Without waiting for medical experiments and government ordinances, the disease changed its terrible character into a better one, and showed itself only sporadically.

Dr. Elsasser reports, that from 1808 to 1810, only a few cases of small-pox had been observed, and that in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, during those terrible years of war and famine, from 1813 to 1817, only 2385 cases made their appearance, of which not one was malignant.

Schnurrer says, in 1816: "This year's small-pox

is more identical with the regular old disease, than that of the two preceding years; there was the specific smell wanting, and the third stage, where the eruption loses the red circle, and stands like wax-drops on the skin; the contents run out, or were resorbed, and did not form the usual scab."

The same eminent physician remarks, in his *Chronicle of Epidemics*, (II. p. 290 :) "The view that the small-pox, without vaccination, would have become by-and-by milder, and finally disappeared, gains strength by the observations made in the years 1816, 1817."

The central vaccine-physician, Dr. Seeger, of Stuttgart, writes, "that Wurtemberg remained from 1818 to 1824 entirely exempt from small-pox, and that from 1825 to 1830 there were so few cases, and these so light, that it was hardly worth while to speak of it." He cites then Vezin, who says, "that the frequent cases of varioles and varioloids are not the consequence of the temporary protection of vaccination, but that small-pox-epidemics appear only in certain longer intervals; and that in the first thirty years of this century, the small-pox would not have epidemically broken out without vaccination."

Let us farther hear the classical authors on small-pox, the learned Lentin, and the penetrating Sarcone: "Much foundation as the opinion of those may have, who believe, to be able to mitigate, to improve, and, as it were, to dilute the malignity of the natural small-pox, by repeated vaccinations, the observation will always stare in their face, that when

one who is vaccinated, is exposed to natural infection, the disease will always appear in its *true form*, and *mostly with a malignant character*.”*

Although we have had, in later years, in spite of the general introduction of vaccination, a great deal of small-pox among us, the real old historical small-pox did not appear. Where then is this Medusa? She is not here!—has she perhaps hidden herself in your interior?—She is not among about 250 millions thoroughly civilized men!—perchance you find her among your 600 millions other fellow-inhabitants of this earth, who know nothing of a Lady Montague and her inoculation-epistles, nothing of Jenner and his country-wench, nothing at all of vaccination! No! she is not there either! and, more wonderful yet, think only! these not-vaccinated barbarians have and have had no small-pox; they live and exist happier than you, who suffer from an avalanche of internal miseries: you who are a weakling, notwithstanding you are vaccinated “*secundum artem*!”

Not even the Indians of Quito have the small-pox any longer, (for Humboldt would certainly have mentioned the fact,) although Hoffman tells us that they suffered formerly from the most malignant kind. Now, think yourself a collection of faces and bodies of all countries and nations, accurately painted,

* The truth of this assertion is proved by daily experience. I myself have been, in my younger years, repeatedly vaccinated; and as soon as I with my elastic constitution was exposed to infection, I got a very severe attack of confluent malignant small-pox, which infected again my whole vaccinated household.—Dr. S.

regarding color, features and formation: what a field for reflection and investigation on vaccination and not-vaccination! The result of such meditations gives us the true wisdom about vaccination. The whole vaccinatory witchcraft is as great and infamous a lie as the infallibility of the Pope, in which likewise millions have faith; they die *for* their lie, while we vaccine-worshippers perish *on* ours!

Vaccination has not protected us; it could not do it, because the small-pox had already left us and the not-vaccinated world, before its introduction, or, as I will presently show, had taken another turn; it will not protect us, but rather lead us deeper and more steadily in their arms. The great Sarrone says: "We have observed, after many a vaccination, that the infection spreads by this very means, when we expected it the least!"

To what Fernelius says already, in the sixteenth century: "It is true, we are many years, in succession, free from the inroads of small-pox, but we often have found ourselves unexpectedly attacked, and nearly destroyed!" we have to subscribe, this very day, our bloody signature, while we must recognize the apparent modification of the external form, for a miserable illusion, when we find this vaunted modification existing in a transfer of the disease from the exterior to the interior life-organs.

THIRD THESIS.

VACCINATION IS A CRIME.

§ 11. Our actions are generally based upon three motives :

1. *Upon faith* (blind belief;)
2. *Upon habit* (false experience ;)
3. *Upon knowledge* (true experience.)

Every other motive, as passion, &c., we exclude here at once. We must acknowledge, that we are wanting the preceding necessary insight into the effects and consequences of vaccination, and that we therefore cannot give a rational account of it, and continue its application, as a mere senseless habit, as long as we cannot refute the truth of the following positions :

1. *The cause and the nature of the small-pox-poison and of the small-pox is not known.*

Vaccination is the apocalypsis of medicine. Clai-reau says: "Laws are, in the widest signification, the necessary conditions and relations of things, which flow from *their very nature*, and in this all existence has its own laws: God and the material world of bodies—the spiritual and animal creation—all have their laws!" Vaccination is not founded upon any law of nature; it is truly an outlaw!

2. *It is the same with the vaccine or cow-pox!* We know of it not more than what that country-girl told the youthful student Jenner. Jenner believed it in

the true English fashion ; he told it farther ; and physicians, laymen, kings and nations, plunged wildly and blindly in the same faith, which soon became so authoritative and unconditional, that every doubter was treated with contempt and excommunication, and persecution. The faithfully-believing people soon mixed the thing with the person, and accorded to physicians the ability of moving the powers of nature after *their* own pleasure, and created thus a larger and farther privilege for the medical profession. The excessive veneration for this institute, was richly nourished by the timid thought on the terrible small-pox, which was looked upon as the most horrible scourge the human family had been subjected to. Impudence and self-complacency copulated with it a thought of divine origin and unavoidable necessity. Notwithstanding all this, we physicians do, in reality, know nothing more about the cow-pox, than what the tempting country-Eva has *told* her admiring Jenner. *Ea judex est ante ministerium mortis.*

3. *Of the effect of the cow-pox, or vaccination, we only know, that man and cow get sick and suffer from it. It produces clearly all the symptoms of a most thorough poisoning.* Astrology is the moral disease and weakness of the Orient ; the vaccination-faith that of the Occident. There are in the Occident, as well as in the Orient, blind gropers, who act without knowledge of cause and effect.

4. *How the cow-pox-poison should insure man, we cannot even dream, far less physiologically think.* When the believers of Metempsychosis, the Tartars,

swallow pills made of the excrements of their high-priests,—as Forster and Hastings testify,—the filthy usage rests upon a deep thought, upon an idea ;—but the vaccination ?

5. *The medical science has no power over the small-pox-poison ; it is confined to the defence !* If we had a clear insight into the effect of the lancet, and would remain silent about its destructiveness, we would deserve the execration of the world ! But vaccination is the child of faith, a kind of talismanery, supported by fear and cherished by laziness. Habit, science and law, have declared :

1. That vaccination has not the least injurious influence upon the life and health of those who are vaccinated.

2. That vaccination offers the best possible security for the extermination of a tendency of being infected by small-pox.

3. That vaccination is the only means by which small-pox and its destruction can be finally banished.

These three articles of social faith have played the greatest mischief with *presumed* wisdom of legislative powers, and have fooled the millions ; for a really wise man only acts thus, when he knows fully what he is about. *Faith is not knowledge.*

A state-faith is not exactly a crime for itself ; but it is an evil, and a very great one, when the laws which are based upon and deduced from it, and which shall tend to happify society, lead to the very opposite result. Let us then examine these three articles of faith more minutely.

FIRST ARTICLE OF FAITH.

§ 12. The sun-ray warms; the moonlight charms; the water moistens; and poison poisons. All this is nothing new; and government knows it too, when it speaks so sweetly to the nation: "*Not the least harm comes from vaccination!*" Every medical report, every look into the lists of death and their causes, proves it; and yet the government says gladly, "*O! not the least harm has been done by vaccination!*" The first is a senseless lie; the second a conscious one—a Persian lie! But the Shah lies, and, therefore, all Persians lie! Thus the government-officers and the Faculty lie, and the uncounted masses of fools merrily follow suit! *Et nemo injecit in eum manum.* Marc. i. 31.

"Come in, madam! be not afraid! Does this little one belong to you? So, so! What a lovely babe! truly, a young hero! a perfect ideal of health!" exclaims the vaccine-physician to the trembling mother, who is full of doubts and misgivings. "Here! read yourself; read the new law, provided by the wise legislators of modern Athens. It says: *Vaccination does not do the least harm!*" This overpowers the last gleam of God-given instinct in the doubting mother-soul; the snow-white, pure little arms are bared and offered, and the poison 6—12—18—24 times incised; for it is of acknowledged importance, "*that the vaccine-poison should be forced into the unwilling body in SUFFICIENT quantity!* THE MORE THE BETTER!!"

Philanthropist, let us pray in the words of the

holy Crucified: "Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do!" and they honestly acknowledge the fact.

General measures we base upon general laws! The law of Nature is, that she rewards us with pleasurable sensations, as often as we have satisfied one of her calls. Is, therefore, vaccination a natural necessity? Would the child, then, feel so miserably, and be sick after it? Instead of this, the sovereign nature of the child declares a revolutionary war, as soon as it is poisoned with the vaccine-lymph. The powers of self-protecting nature and of the unnatural invasion, are drawn up like two hostile armies, in full battle array. The invading poison attacks; the combatants get heated; the struggle becomes vehement; the child is dismayed; the fever rages; the skin burns; the pulse runs high and quick; it storms.

"For God's sake, doctor!" exclaims the mother, ringing her hands, "my child! my darling child! vaccination has hurt it!"

"Calm yourself, good woman, this is nothing but the vaccine-fever—the extinguishing fever!"

Mother.—The ex—tin—guishing fever?

Doctor.—Yes! the same.

Mother.—What is there to be extinguished? My child was perfectly healthy; it was never yet the least unwell. As little as I and my husband——

Doctor.—(Sheltered behind his medical and mystical prerogative) You do not understand that; you better quiet yourself. Read here the laws an enlightened legislature has made and provided!

And the disconsolate mother is silent! and the doctor is silent too!

The storm rages on. The suffering child screams; throws itself about; cannot find rest. The mother prays, and peace ensues. Nature has conquered!—Victory! victory! The child is quiet and exhausted. The mother smiles through her tears. Victory! Triumph! The hostile, poisonous intruder, is repulsed to the spot where he first invaded. There he is! Shut up, fettered, captive lies the wild destroyers in their holes; but fiery red and swollen for anger, looks victorious Nature out of the inflamed arm.

Mother.—O! God be thanked! the eruption is here; what anxiety I have had!

Doctor.—You see, madame, such things you do not understand: as I have told you before.

Mother.—O yes! I was wrong, and beg your pardon a thousand times.

The sacred order of Nature is saved, the anarchical invasion of the poisoned lancet subdued, and martial law proclaimed. The law of Nature is: ejection by suppuration! The pox suppurates, falls off in ugly scabs. But the general welfare of Nature has suffered by the frivolous war.

Mother.—My little one looks yet very pale; one can see how exhausted it is.

Doctor.—Thank God, madame! the re-active fever was splendid; and now you can be assured, that it will never get the small-pox.

Mother.—O! how shall I express my gratitude to you!

Let us now look deeper into this hocus-pocus of vaccination. The infantile organism is the purest expression of natural perfectibility. To interrupt it, is a great crime; but to interrupt it senselessly, is a monstrous crime. Let us be grateful to God, who directs the evil to turn to good. Let us revere the guardian angels who watch unceasingly over our cradles. Let us admire all-powerful Nature, which is not so easily brought into this serious and lasting disorder by our perverse intrusions; for otherwise, there would hardly have remained a human being alive. But let us not praise vaccination, even if a great many children get alive through it. Nature is great! A most astonishing proof of this give:

(a) Those children, particularly boys, whose strong health will not accept any poison at all, who do not form those vaccine-blisters, but who, as it were, reject indignantly the intrusion, and throw out the poison again by different kinds of eruption and ulcerations.

(b) Such who have carried out of the violent struggle of the natural small-pox, the reward of perfectly pure bodily health; and

(c) Such to whom a kind of family immunity might be ascribed; that is, a mixture of fluids, the chemical vitality of which would rather permit a hundred other disease-forms, than the small-pox, (and *vice versa*.)

Cazal vaccinated a boy in vain;

The second time—in vain!

The third time—in vain!

The fourth time—in vain!

He then made him take a quantity of pulverized

kine-pox-scabs in a soup. On the fourth day, the poor boy begun to vomit violently, and to suffer from nervous symptoms. This condition lasted for six days, and finally there appeared on his body one hundred and eighty kine-pox-pustules. Whether the stomach of this victim of one-sided scientific perversity, threw its grateful acknowledgment for such favors right into the face of the experimentalizing Doctor, is not mentioned.

§ 13. The tender age of infancy is very susceptible for external influences; why not also for any kind of poison? And it would have to succumb often to the change in temperature, to carelessness and perversity in education, and many other untoward circumstances arising from false views and inherited prejudices, if our kind Creator had not provided safeguards for all emergencies. This guard forms the tendency of the child to oppose every intrusion and attack, by a wonderful re-action. We have seen such a spectacle in the preceding pages! Would to God that the struggle be always so fortunate; I would be silent, and suppress my indignation! But it is not always so! The susceptibility, as well as the re-active power, and therefore also the result of the physical struggle are so different, and varying in manner and strength, as the millions of flowers of a meadow, cut down by a hail-storm. Many a book might be written on this subject alone, but I have neither time nor space, nor inclination for such a task.

SECOND SCENE:—The hostile invasion of the

beastly pox is also totally repulsed by the powers of nature, (*exercitus vitæ*;) but the marauders are not only caught by the arm, and driven out of the land, but all the boundaries are infested, molested, and exhausted by these.

Besides, and after the vaccine-eruptions, various skin-affections make their appearance in children: *a*, papula; *b*, exanthemata; *c*, pustules; *d*, furuncles, which trouble the little ones more or less, or which they secretly breed for years. "The child will not thrive; there is always something the matter with it!"

Mother A.—My child has got an eruption all over the body, like heat-blisters; it has scarcely any rest for itching; on its cheeks and lips there are poison-blisters, and it is sore here and there.

Mother B.—My good-for-nothing nurse left the other day the door open; my three children have taken severe colds. I have sent her off. My poor Molly has got now erysipelas, Lizzie something like nettle-rash, and Tom even the measles. They are all very unwell, indeed; but the worst is that we apprehend with the babe—the scarlet fever!

Mother C.—I am afraid that my children have handled the mangy cat of our neighbors; I never will be again the neighbor of a baker. It is unbearable—all my children have the tetter: Charles on the head (*flavus*;) John in the face (*impetigo larvalis*;) and Bob on his thighs (*impet. sparsa*.) It is a very disagreeable sight, and smells so badly. The worst of all is—and I am fully satisfied of it—the

Doctor has made a mistake, and not thoroughly extinguished the small-pox-poison, for my boy James has got, besides the vaccine-pustules, the real small-pox, (*variola, varioloids, varicellæ.*) Yet I must say that the boy has had the extinguishing-fever very severely: at least the Doctor said so.

Mother D.—All my happiness is gone; I was too happy! Since my unfortunate boy has been vaccinated, he has been a perfect Lazarus. Every part of his body breaks out in most painful boils and abscesses in the arm-pits, on the neck and body in general; his arms and feet appear to be full of matter; the poison comes even out at the ends of his little fingers (*panaritium.*) My only consolation is, that the pale poor little thing can eat well.

As the unprofessional father doubted formerly, so is now the physician startled: "*Mea culpa! mea maxima culpa!*" The distress of the miserable parents drives the blush of embarrassment in his face. "Hem! Hem! but no!" he deafens himself; "no, the vaccination cannot be the only cause of all this pitiful woe; all the world vaccinates, and law-makers, even in the most progressive and enlightened communities, order it! I then will vaccinate as long as government and the people desire it." The son of Heaven, in China, orders the Mandarin to be whipped, who again has the people whipped: "*Lege legis Doctor legem servabo servus, nec non physicus longus! Nonne boves Deo curæ sunt?*"

§ 14. THIRD SCENE.—The ground is less guarded; the lancet-army penetrates deeper into the land, into

the intestines of the country. They find them wonderfully fortified. Everywhere electric batteries, (*plexus*), like small fortresses, with star-like ramifications, surround the grey-reddish nervous knots, (*ganglia*), the arterial streams; the principal fortification protects the stomach, (*ganglion solare*), and twenty-four to twenty-five such detached forts on each side of the spinal column defend the spinal marrow. The rapport with the head, with the members of the whole body is secured. Thus prepared and armed, nature awaits the attack of the kine-pox. They approach; nature defends herself by violent fever, the child burns, calls for water, moans pitifully, lets head and limbs hang loosely; the heat increases, the nerves of the spinal marrow hasten to succor, by cramps and convulsions: John dies the second day;—the tendons jump, the cerebrum participates, sopor, contortions ensue: Charles dies on the fourth, sixth, tenth day;—the struggle gets finally weaker, is continued yet for some weeks: David dies of hectic fever!

Mother.—O God! my child! O doctor! my poor child, it is dead! I ought not to have had it vaccinated!

Doctor.—Here the teething is the cause, madame, a vehement fever, an inflammatory fever, was complicated with the teething.

Mother.—Yes, yes! and this fever was—what you call—the extinguishing fever! O God! my child!

Doctor.—(Sighs and sneaks away with deep and very painful emotions.)

It is a beautiful, a very wise law, this vaccination law! The brute-pox has gained some advantage, and reaches now the *mucous membranes*. It is principally the nerve-fortress of the stomach, which resists vigorously; the storm rages in the arteries, (abdominal pulsation;) the mucous preparing glands (*muciparæ glandulæ*) envelope the enemy with tough phlegm; he is subdued. Nature conquers and triumphs *here by diarrhœa*: Tom cuts himself through; Bob succumbs in the flight; *there, by vomiting*, George gets through, but is severely wounded; Harry falls. The discarded enemy runs now wildly up and down; James saves himself; Wash dies of choleraic symptoms; the fortresses (*ganglia*) inflame and discharge whatever they can (cholera.) The main body of the partially-subdued enemy takes refuge in the blind-gut; establishes itself there:—Ike is saved with great difficulty by art; Charles's stomach gets perforated; he dies of softening of the stomach.—Fire! fire! the enemy's fire-torch blazes in the intestines! Sam can hardly be snatched out of the flames; Ned dies of enteritis. The poison-pox takes the burning place! True, faithful Nature, succumbs not yet; she struggles for life and death, and she succeeds to take hold of the leaders of the invading rebels, and shuts them up in the exanthem of the coating of the intestines. Again she proclaims and executes martial law: *she ejects pus*. But here on the inner coating of man the execution is far more difficult than on the external surface. A sensible physician helps Fred through in the process of ejection (typhus, nervous mucous

fever); the ulcers in the intestines suppurate and heal; but with Anna they heal not,—she dies! Help! help! the child suffocates; the brute-poison moves from the stomach into the breast. What a terrible catarrh! Lizzie sinks under her choking cough, and Emma, with asthmatic want of breath, under convulsions. Dost thou hear the distressing call of Nature, the whooping-cough: this horrible, pitiable woe of a child? Dost thou see the colossal mass of phlegm by which Nature tries to defend herself, as long as she does not feel her fever-strength equal in a match with the poison-power?

How rapidly does the scourge progress! The terribly ominous commotion begins already the first, fourth, seventh, and ninth day after the vaccination; many, many children fall its victims; and again, others are more fortunate; but mostly some misery remains. The mucous membranes, particularly those of the organs of the senses and generation, (in adults,) attest the sufferings and dangers originating in the inoculated kine-pox-poison. Ophthalmia, otorrhœ, fluor albus, prurigo, &c., &c.

§ 15. What a sea of tears, what an unbounded field of misery lies behind us! Let us add to this the dead, the invalids, the infirm, that come forth out of these struggles! The field on which the battle was so fiercely fought, is before us, disordered, ruined, weakened, devastated; it is the extensive *field of digestion and breathing*, the basis, the root of life. Not enough that these terrible traces are re-produced year after year, but the poisoning goes on again and

again, and poison is heaped into the already poisoned bodies. And this is the reason why the affections of the mucous membranes, which were formerly only one-half of all diseases, have now increased to five-sixths of their number. Thou miserable abdomen! thou miserable chest! Is Pandora's box not yet empty?*

Gone is all faith in the doctrine of "not the least injury." Nothing has gained but the history of errors and fallacies; its pages show innumerable new experiments. The people have acquired by this vaccination:

1. A glorious degree of sickly sensitiveness of the stomach and intestinal canal, accompanied by open and hidden disturbances in the whole digestive apparatus, viz., diarrhœa, dyspepsia, phthisis dyspeptica, liver and spleen suffering, never known before.

2. An entirely new disease (since 1806) which domesticates itself every year more firmly, the *typhus*, which is a mucous fever with ulcerations and pox-eruptions in the abdominal viscera.

3. The daily more frequent appearance of a new children-disease, which Millar observed and presented (1755) as the first fruit of inoculation in England: the asthma Millari.

4. The poor children have gained, or rather regained, in immensely more malignant form, (since 1806,) the long before forgotten inflammation of the wind-pipe—croup. As formerly, in England, Nature

* Answer: Not as long as the box of Pandora is the vaccinating case of instruments!

revolted (1738) against the inoculation of the human small-pox-matter, and tried valiantly to remove the poison by means of catarrhal gangrenous angina in the throat; as children for nearly forty years suffered the tortures of horrible strangulation-difficulties, and many thousands of them wretchedly perished; so appears now here and everywhere, where vaccination is introduced, the croup, somewhat milder, because the kine-pox is somewhat milder, and tortures, frightens, sickens and kills (already some forty years) the innocent victims.

5. The whooping-cough has gained in strength and extent immensely.

6. The human family in general, has acquired a monstrous increase in consumptive and hectic diseases, which mostly originate in the digestive apparatus (*phthisis dyspeptica*.)

7. An entirely new disease, softening of the stomach, (*v. Jaeger and Camerer*,) has been added since 1811—1813, to our already immensely large catalogue of destructive diseases.

8. Our young women have gained, since 1822, a generality of chlorosis and fluor albus, of which we did not dream before.

9. The whole human family have been enriched by the acquisition of the Bengalian poison-snake—hydrophis; the tropical wild pox-poison, the cholera; which now has established itself among us thoroughly and habitually.

10. Our generation has, besides all this, gained a far greater susceptibility for the small-pox-poison,

which will ravage in the above-mentioned disease-forms of the mucous membranes in the interior of the organism, till the feeding of the poison by vaccination, ordered even by laws, sanctioned by usage, and held up by the faculty, is forbidden under severe penalty. Then only will Nature be able to recover all her own; and then will the external small-pox reappear as a redeeming means for the internal destruction.

Doctor.—Bring your babe now for vaccination!

Mother.—How you have frightened me, I tremble all over!

Doctor.—Why? what is the matter?

Mother.—Pardon me; but I feel a perfect horror creeping over me at the mere thought on vaccination, since my poor Charles has died in consequence of it.

Doctor.—O nonsense! Charles did not die on vaccination; do not believe such a thing. He got dysentery while teething.

Mother.—I beg you to wait another year; Tom is now very delicate indeed.

Doctor.—Only the better! and I have this very moment excellent, fresh vaccine-lymph.

Mother.—In God's name be it done! But, doctor, the responsibility rests on your shoulders!

¶ Nine days after this conversation and following vaccination, Tom was a corpse, with two vaccine-blisters on each arm.

§ 16. FOURTH SCENE:—The boundaries and the gates of the land are poorly guarded; the first advance of the fever-troops is inactive. Nature, impotently

urging on the miserable powers of the body, struggles against the beastly pox in the spheres of the mucous membranes. There is a great deal of mucus, but not sufficient to stifle and smother the enemies. The police-force (*the worms*) of the intestinal canal is increased. This measure is for some time successful; but the intruding poison soon overpowers the worms also, and the skirmishing in the streets makes the assistance and interference of a physician necessary (*anthelmintica*.) Even now the quiet is of short duration!

The poisoning eruptions sneer at the catarrh; they move into the throat, drying, burning and exhausting; the thirst is enormous; the irritation of the eyes and the nose, and the sneezing, torturing. They laugh at Nature and Art; for they delight to play in the most various catarrhal forms:—not in storm and rain,—no! in the most beautiful, warm, dry weather, in the full bloom of the fields. They play for months and years, up and down like ebb and flood. Nothing will draw the enemy out of his positions. “It is almost to despair,” exclaims the physician, “that is no cataarrh! I was deceived! What a suspicious smell! it is clearly infectious! *It must be a poison*; it consumes the child’s color, flesh, roundness and nervous energy. You see how it shrinks, as if frightened!—how irritable, pale, tiny and miserable it is! I must assist poor Nature!” And observe how Nature gratefully and readily gathers her strength, and calls on the serous texture for assistance. The struggle is slowly renewed; the poison storms on the

one side from the mucous membranes against the serosa, and attacks on the other side the serous inner coating of the vessels. The heat and excitement is here, and is there, and soon burns the head, (*Arachnoidea*;) soon burn the joints, (*synovial membranes, bursæ mucosæ*;)—the fever rages—the life struggles all over in the blood-vessels, nerves, fibres, &c.; the diaphragm catches fire! The rebels cut and thrust here and there through the head, chest, stomach, spleen and liver; no member of the body will act. Every function is at a stand-still. The prime of the poison falls finally also into the centre; the inner coating of the pericardium inflames. How then the heart storms in anxiety and despair! how the pulsation runs wild! the stinking breath indicates a retreat of the enemy, (*contagium*;) the room is pestilential. Open the windows! air! How the nerves tremble! what a tumult and uproar! (*coctio febris*;) the tongue is in a tremor. Water! water! Heroically courageous, observes the physician, he quiets and cools; and orders the route! O heavens! Sam sinks in the storm! Jim makes a last effort. The skin steams!—pestilential smell!—the enemy flees; victory! the crisis has arrived! Out of all openings flies the pest—Others are fighting yet. If we had only nerves and vessels, complains the serous party!—Take courage, exclaims Nature; the watchword is: Life or death! You are completely shut-up sacs; exhale, by all means, instead of your usual vapor, water; drown the incendiaries. And see, the disease is extinguished in the watery effusion: (*hydrocephalus acutus, hydro-*

thorax, hydrops pericardii, Anasarca, hydrops tunicae amnios, hydrocele, hydrarthrus, &c., &c.) The formation of furuncles and abscesses fail not to make their appearance in the later time of reconvalescence; the law, *ejection by pus*, must be fulfilled.

§ 17. Let us examine, for once, the viscera of an animal that has been butchered; the glassy shining exterior, *f. i.* of the intestines, of a bladder, &c., shows the serous texture which the wisdom of the Creator has much condensed, and left without blood and nerves. In such textures are sac-like enclosed all those viscera, that are most necessary for life, viz.: the brain, the organs of sight and hearing, the lungs, the heart, the liver, the spleen, the stomach and intestines, the kidneys and bladder, the joints, &c. The inflammation of these sacs is very painful, violent, and rather difficult to manage, because it is generally combined with erysipelas; it affects often most seriously the organs themselves, which the sacs are to protect, and thus even life itself. The medical guild throw in this sanctum the poison fire-brand; they carry the terrible furies of death, suffering, and sickness into the very life-springs, and exclaim: "*There is not the least injury done!*"

First Mother. What a most awful affliction! Think, my neighbor's lovely boy has died this moment!

Second Mother. Is it possible? That fine, handsome boy, who began already to walk, and laughed so sprightly, is dead?

First Mother. The same! his poor father is nearly crazed; it was his favorite.

Second Mother. But I have seen the child only the other day, as well as ever !

First Mother. Last week he was vaccinated; he then began to sicken, got inflammation of the brain, and died.

Second Mother. A good many children die, now-a-days, under similar circumstances.

First Mother. The father accuses loudly the physician, as the cause of the death.

Second Mother. Our houses of refuge are now changed into hospitals by the introduction of vaccination.

First Mother. Another neighbor's three daughters have been re-vaccinated lately; one of them has now hip-disease; another is as ugly, yellow, and lean as one can be; and the third, a truly excellent girl, coughs all night, and is very weak. We hear her screams in our house; she has such terrible pains and stitches in her breast and left side.

Second Mother. A friend of mine became bed-ridden, for a long time, after re-vaccination. Suddenly she got most awful ear-ache; three physicians were called in. But all their endeavors to help were in vain. Finally, a tumor formed in the ear. The physicians took it first for a polypus; it showed itself to be afterwards an abscess, which discharged a great deal of yellow water; and now she hears with that ear not a sound; you would hardly know the poor woman.

First Mother. The same thing happened to a friend of my husband's; but, in his case, the diffi-

culty settled in the eyes. On one eye he is entirely blind now; the other is so weak, that he cannot bear any light.

Second Mother. Our Doctor has vaccinated himself four times. The last time, two months ago, he got very sick. As soon as he had recovered, and began to make visits, he got the real small-pox, and suffers now dreadfully, he has lost all his hair.

§ 18. The FIBRINE exists in our chyme, and in great quantity in our blood, and forms the principal substance of our flesh. Muscle and tendon differ from each other, like the external and internal skin of the lips; they are therefore one and the same substance; and it makes no difference that the flesh is red, and the tendon silvery. This beautiful silvery-shining texture is the *fibrous texture*, which gives the body its elasticity. It surrounds all our bones, surrounds our whole brain, as well as its single divisions, our spinal marrow, all our nerves, our eye, our heart, all our blood-vessels: forms firm capsules round our joints, sheaths ligaments divisions for the mechanism of our life. It is, therefore, besides the bones, the firmest protection for all our organs. This very firmness is their own defence: while the serosa are protected by their vapor and water, the mucous membrane by mucus, the external skin by the fat. This is the reason why the Creator gave to the fibrous texture so little conductibility, particularly of poison.

But even this bulwark is reached by the vaccine-poison! Do you not see and feel the track of this beast: the dreary vestiges through the regions of your nature, till it arrived there?

Look at the immense number of rickety children, increasing, year after year, at the most rapid rate ever since, and wherever other nations have imitated the vaccination of the English! As horrible as now, our forefathers did not see this disease! Crooked, blind, lame, hunch-backed, full of suppurating boils, cramp, with dead-pale, distorted pain-features, moves this world of poorest children before our eyes. What is man? you sigh!—but ask—rather exasperated: *What did man do?* and he a physician, too? a government? With tears of gratitude buries even a doating mother such a miserable being, whose life would have been a torture to itself. “Not the least injury!” for the child rises an angel to heaven!

Here the thought dies! the pen is silent! the *fifth scene* is too tragic! A feeling of sorrowful indignation alone speaks yet. Let others then talk.

When Abraham, at the command of God, was preparing to sacrifice his son Isaac, God sent a ram near him, in his stead. Christ says: Nobody will give his son a stone, when he asks bread. What does the public do, when the physician poisons his own child? Let us hear what Heim says: (*Pockenseuchen*, S. 533.)

“Dr. B., in S., vaccinated his own, perfectly healthy child, about one year old. The suppuration-fever was so strong, and the pustules flourished so finely, as Dr. B. had seldom seen it. But, ever since that, the child began to be sickly, had nearly always some diarrhœa, increased thirst, some cough—one furuncle after another made its appearance—the last

a very large one, besides some other smaller ones, on the seat of the child, broke eight days before its death. Yet the child tried anxiously to save his foot from every touch, while it did use it, and while it was yet happy and frolicsome, as much as its many troubles permitted it. The foot retained, for some days yet, its natural color and form, and the father could therefore ascribe the inflammatory excitement, which expressed itself in loss of appetite, thirst, and nightly orgasms, only to teeth-development, (ah!) or to the swollen inguinal glands, (ah! ah!) or an irritation (what kind?) of the ischiadic or of the crural nerve. The continually increasing heat (what heat?) made the father think of an inflammation of the fibrous muscle-sheathing of the foot; the clearly-expressed desolation, the want of appetite, the often-repeated attacks of involuntary nausea, indicated to him bilious complications. The foot began, finally, after a few days, to get very hot, and to swell considerably, while the color of the skin remained yet the same; and now there could be no doubt of an inflammation of the periosteum. A vomitive removed, nearly indigested, everything the child had taken the last few days. In the following night, the heat increased more and more. Three leeches, and the rubbing-in of mercurial ointment, produced first so much alleviation, that the poor child, who had not slept for twenty-four hours, fell asleep, and slept five hours in succession. But, the next morning, it was clearly visible that the child's strength was rapidly sinking; it ground its teeth, and rolled the eyes

while dozing. When awake, it had full consciousness, and begged, with fondling caresses, (its father! its physician!! its poisoner!!! its murderer!!!!) for help. The forenoon, it was very restless. In the afternoon, there was some quiet; and now appeared in the middle of the shin-bone, a bluish-red spot, and on this some nut-colored pustules, filled with matter; although the little sufferer sometimes started up, as if frightened; he remained pretty quiet till two o'clock, when he began to show difficulties in breathing. An empty choking got soon combined with this changing hard breathing, which returned more and more frequently, and lasted longer and longer, and finally ceased in the forenoon, about ten o'clock; the breathing got now more difficult yet, so that no respiration was had, without exertion and groaning; the innocent victim retained all this time, consciousness, and and prayed for relief (to whom?) A tepid bath subdued once more the attacks for half an hour, but after that the child sank very rapidly, and death relieved the sufferer about two o'clock, four weeks after the vaccination."—"The dissection convinced even the wretched father of the fact, that the sole cause of the disease and death of his own child was his own act, and nothing but the vaccination!"

This heinous crime, this history of cruelties, is narrated by a father, by a physician, by so eminent a man as Dr. Heim, in his official reports; and yet physicians dare to assert, and governments dare to contend: "*Vaccination does not do the least injury!*" I could cite here, from the same pages,

more atrocious details of *kachexy* and *paedarthrocace*, of which Dr. Seyfer, in Heilbrom, gives the sad details. Every honorable and discriminating physician could add to his catalogue of horrors, the knowledge of which would make our hair stand up. But enough! Be silent reflection!

§ 19. SIXTH SCENE. — The rebels triumph! the beastly hordes of the vaccine-poison conquer the land, settle down, and establish themselves in it. The throne of monarchical nature, *the brain*, is vehemently shaken, or even softened; the mountain-passes and their springs, the marrow and its nerves, are blockaded, teased, or also softened; the fortifications of the body (the ganglia,) and the magazines of industry and economy (the glandular system and the mucous membranes,) are in their power. The fever-troops of the nerves and of the blood lie beaten and prostrated. The guard alone, the *anima vitæ*, stand yet firmly, and is not conquered.

She alone continues the struggle, in periodical attacks and skirmishes. These attacks proceed from the heights of the spinal column, invading soon the dominion of respiration, soon that of digestion, soon that of generation, soon that of the mechanism of the body, (intermittent fever.) Nature rallies also once a year, generally for a pitched battle, (some more violent and decisive fever or inflammation.) But she is unable to gain, unassisted, a complete victory, cramped as she generally is by drug-interference, and if a sensible physician does not help her in her efforts.

The processes of development play in the child the principal role; therefore the vaccine-poison-rebels mix themselves most readily in the organs, particularly active in these processes, and thus the ruin of the organism is secured for life.

We see here, in this picture, how human life is embittered and spoiled—a life that is never healthy, and seldom really sick—the comfort of the drug-shop. Since the creation of human beings, there never was such a variegated, topsy-turvy chaos of sufferings of the spinal column, as at the present time: no wonder that physicians and patients feel as if they should despond! There remains only *one* gain for us—rejoice, and erect triumphal arches from the birth-place of the wench, who instructed Jenner in the vaccine-mysteries, to the hall where the Massachusetts legislature lately hatched their vaccine-law, besides other similar progressive legislative measures, that astound the civilized world—rejoice of the grand acquisitions made by vaccination: the *miraculous* ORTHOPÆDIC INSTITUTES AND THE WONDERFUL TENDON-CUT!—rejoice, Madame, of the discovery of thy hidden steel-supporters; *thou hast not a small-pox mark in thy yellowish-pale face!*

Heim says farther: “The scrofulous diathesis appears with others at once, in the eyes and enlarged glands. That vaccination increases scrofulous tendencies, and develops its visible products, is a fact that cannot be denied.”

Rejoice, then, of thy feeble, brick-red, or blearing

eyes, which look like window-glasses in winter time !—rejoice of thy glandulous, knotty, enlarged, matter-discharging neck !—rejoice of thy stunted, crooked growth, of thy Roman-X-figure ;—thou hast not one small-pox-mark on the surface of thy body. Drink cod-liver-oil, be moxa-ed, cut, stuck and burnt, run through all the healing institutions, science and humbug may have established : if thou believest that to be better than to have possibly a light mark in the face, over which thou mightst jest and rail, and with which thou couldst dance, sing and enjoy life.

§ 20. If all this come already to pass on the green wood, yet the ideal of health, what shall become of the dry, that is, of the children produced by such a miserable generation as ours is at present ? Vaccination treats them all alike ; all are vaccinated : the child of the drunkard, of the famishing, of the syphilitic, of the cancerous, of the gouty, of the old man, of the voluptuous mother, of the consumptive, of the dropsical, of the leprous, of the fool, &c., &c. *Horribile dictu !*

SEVENTH SCENE:—The physician stands deeply moved before the lifeless body of his vaccinated victim ; the wailing of the stricken family cuts his heart, and causes him the most painful feelings. He would like to justify himself, and cannot find anywhere an outlet. He hunts in the wide empire of possibilities in vain for a name—in vain even for a pretence. He struggles with himself ; he must acknowledge it to himself, he must confess before the whole world, that the child has died on the reaction of vaccination.

It is so perfectly clear a case, that all talking and mincing is in vain. Wherever tables of vaccination are regularly and carefully kept, the unavoidable truth stares in the eyes of every reader, that vaccination itself alone kills a large number of children, while it gives to every other disease a malignant character! When a criminal is executed, the whole country is aroused; but nobody says anything about the thousands slain by the act of vaccination! The earth covers them quietly. It is said, *the dead are dumb and do not speak*. It is false; they do speak, and accuse science, government, and the people, all concerned. *Whoever supports and praises a false method, upholds it as a true one, must some time or other suffer for all the victims slain by it*. Does the axe of the executioner compare with a false medical method? Has a Herod, a Pharaoh given the royal decree: "*Vaccination does not do the least harm?*" or a legislature of an enlightened State of our Union in the 19th century? Would a merciful community of Christians condemn all their children to death and misery? or is such a state of affairs the work of Satan? With painful care deliberates a jury about the verdict over life and death of a criminal outcast, whose existence is a curse to the community; and another jury, composing parents, brothers and sisters, decide without hesitation over the fate of their innocent relation, who is never even heard in the case. *O Lord, deliver us from evil!*

Through a lady, (Montague,)—through Jenner's country-girl,—through woman, then, again, this sin

has come into the world, and death by this sin. The female sex, and principally the young mother, has most to suffer from it. That is Göethe's curse of Nature! Miserable expiation! The conscience of the father and of the physician revolts against the abomination. Will the public and the government remain quiet?

Already in the year 1801, two years after Dr. Ballhorn, in Hanover, (in May, 1799,) had vaccinated the first child in Germany, Dr. Sybel wrote: "It cannot be denied, that, (with all respect due to vaccination, be it said,) not every one who is vaccinated, is saved, and that a great many examples bring before our eyes the most deplorable cases, where, by means of this celebrated discovery, father and mother have been carried away from their children, and that whole families have become victims of death. Cases, where the most unfortunate consequences remained behind, have brought upon this new method the most violent execrations." Such was the dirge of the physicians on the continent of Europe, soon after the introduction of vaccination. What will the tune be now, after it has decimated and destroyed the human family?

SECOND ARTICLE OF FAITH.

§ 22. "*The vaccine-pox offer the best possible security for the extinction of the tendency to be infected by the real small-pox;*" exclaims with satisfaction, the easy, thoughtless wanderer on the beaten track, and science shakes grimly the mane.

Diseases are the effects of diseasing causes; each

disease has, like the plant, its seed, its own kind, its nature, its course, its fruit and its end. He who does not know all these things, can neither protect from its poison, nor extirpate it. As long as the physicians must acknowledge that they do not understand either the cause, or the nature of the small-pox, as well as of the kine-pox,—that the manner in which the vaccine acts, is to them a *terra incognita*, and that they do not know how to attack the small-pox-poison,—so long remains vaccination a medical foolery; on account of its consequences, a crime against humanity; and, wherever the laws require it, a legal atrocity. An immense amount of learning and investigation has already been applied, for the purpose of ascertaining the place of the origin and nativity of the small-pox—whether it comes from Arabia, from the Red Sea and Egypt, or from Ethiopia, or the interior of Africa—of which, although so near to civilization, we really know nothing. They were sought for in the works of Herodot; in the first chapter of the Exodus of Moses. Some thought to find them with Pharaoh and Job, in Syric Orfa, on the wood-confines of the cold zone, and where the pepper grows.

Commerce, travelers, soldiers, beggars, have been accused of having brought the disease, and yet the poison is a product of your own body; and because you will not believe it, Nature throws it unceremoniously into your face. Seek, then, here for it! here you will find it! What devours, is not a spirit—a breath! Can you not touch the pustules and boils

with your own hands? And yet you opine it to be a spirit, whom you think to be able to exorcise with the vaccination-spell! The pus is the dress of the poison; why do you not undress it? You must see the poison naked, and then you will recognize it as the creeping hydra of your life, of which you have to take care; you will then see that it is the mother of many large and small children, to whom nomenclature gives many different names. The large children are the epidemics of pest, small-pox, cholera, yellow-fever, grippe, of many pituitous and nervous fevers, of the PUS-FORMS of *genus Homo*; the smaller ones have been already mentioned above. As a metal appears before your eye in various colors and forms of crystallization, soon mixed, soon pure, soon worked: so shows the human poison itself soon more hidden; soon free in the softening of the stomach, dysentery, cholera; soon stamped in typhus ulcerosus, and in the suppurated precipitates on the surface of your body. And when it has gained the day, as at present, principally by vaccination, every disease dresses itself after its fashion. The poison is more honest than you are active. You persecute the wolf, the bear, and innocent dog, (whom your heartless children have teased to madness;) you pay premiums for their extermination: but you let the poison murder myriads; and yet you can touch it with your hands; it appears quite materially in and on you.

§ 23. History proves clearly and indisputably the destructive effects of this poison; and yet every one runs as if mad, into the arms of Jenner's country-

girl! We may indulgently excuse such insane things in an impulsive, passionate, young and inexperienced fellow, but the deliberate wisdom of grave age, ought to guard against such juvenile ebullitions. Take your Thucydides, upon whom you prided yourself so much, when yet a boy, read how beautifully he describes the disease of Rome, which spread over the world;—how there was (431 B. C.) not a youth to be found fit to be a soldier; read his Athenian pest, and the battle of Potidæa;—hear what St. Cyprian says about the epidemy of the Occident, (250 B. C.,) which lasted fifteen years, whence we retain yet, “black,” for the Christian mourning color;—hear the complaints of the angel-pure Aëtius, (557 B. C.,) about the bubo-pest, which showed a particular predilection for children. At Mahommed’s birth-day (572) throws Nature small-pox in your face. She wished to be long before understood; but you were a lazyfool, and remain it truly to this day. She took you 589–594, by the nose with sneezing, yawning and death; you died and exclaimed, God help! “Now,” says Nature, “I will then let influenza knock every century at the door of the human family.” In vain! The crusades came, the body followed the spiritual impulse; and even the childish organism was (1211) carried away by this blind power; 50,000 children pilgrimized! In vain! “Go, then,” exclaims Nature, in despair, “go, useless black lead-colored anthrax, fire-red Antonius—fire; thou Jordan-itch leprosy; thou episcopal-violet carbuncle; and thou Mongolian plica, (1286;) perverse men ask for *black*

and white, I must then send them a number of barren years of famine, followed by death!" There came (1348) the black death over all nations; it rolled in blood and nerve-matter. Humanity saw now, certainly, black and white, but did not comprehend the friendly intention of Nature, who showed them here more clearly yet, than in Athens, that the poison is not a spirit, but a visible and tangible matter, which likes to dress itself in pus; and that suppurating carbuncles and bubons save life, as, now-a-days, the small-pox. Pest and small-pox reign then supremely! and both have gnawed the human family to pieces in a terrible manner, and nothing was done but to count the vestiges and the corpses that were slain during three centuries. *Chemistry did not seek for the killing tooth*; and Medicine did for that very reason not blunt its sharp edge.—Finally, there appears a lively fellow—the English student Jenner.—“*A student of medicine!*” exclaims Nature, like a happy bride, “he must, of course, understand me, and especially the exploring art—chemistry!”—But Jenner was quite too natural; he did not stick to the udder of the cow, but ran after a country-wench. *Aliena ubera suxit*. Deceived Nature conjured up in her fury entirely new diseases in the present century. Notwithstanding that, the other diseases also do no longer correspond with the condition of the weather or aliments, but as a curse of Nature destroy our intestines; the people shout in blindness: “Victory! triumph! no more small-pox! Hurrah for Jenner and his girl!” But that destructive poison, which is no

spirit, but visible, tangible, smellable, tasteable, and even audible, that tooth of our age gnaws on and on, and will yet many years make its sharpness felt. That poison, generally called small-pox-poison, goes, and will go unrestrainedly its historical and characteristic course, till it is totally eradicated. It boasts impudently, that it will always again proceed wherefrom it proceeded first. There is the origin of the small-pox.—Heim says: “*Thus the truth of a spontaneous idiopathic development of small-pox-matter, out of conditions and circumstances entirely unknown to us, without the influence of infection, is beyond all doubt established.*”

The people stuck faithfully to all that was ordered for them; but what does science and government do? The people are certainly deceived in their expectations; they suffered immensely from vaccination; they bore willingly strict quarantine measures; and yet they had and have small-pox, varioloids, &c.;—if we will even overlook the general bodily injury inflicted by all these preventive means, which so frequently end in death. Heim, the penetrating thinker and physician adds with deep foresight:

“The disease must consist in a change of the chemico-electrical process of the nervous system, which is proved by the affections from which single parts of the spinal system suffer, by the constant pains in certain regions of the body, particularly of the neck and back;—by the seizure of the great connecting nerves under multifarious crampy, dyspeptic, nauseous symp-

toms, more yet by the undenied influence on hæmatose."

Eichhorn confirms Heim's views, by saying:

"It is certain, that the small-pox-matter forms itself in the blood and lymph-system; it is, as it were, hatched in the lymphatic glands, and communicated from the centres of this system to the blood and nerves."

Nature speaks out of infants without falsehood and deception. *The infant is personified truth*; it shows in the lap of the mother, at the entrance into the world, in the swaddling-clothes, the presence of the small-pox, no matter whether the mother has had them or not. Poetic superstition insists with tenacity in older children, often on external infection.

§ 24. The younger an individual is, the more frequently, but also the purer, is the poison formed. Why don't you seek it in its cradle here? Are you afraid of Fred. Hoffmann and his friends: Boyle, Sydenham, Schulze and Cullen, whose mechanico-dynamic rosary has been prayed for, for a century, by the medical profession,—without being heard by Baal? Why will you not, like Autenrieth, at least momentarily, free yourself from the old system, in order to try once the views of the humoral pathologists, if it were even Sylvius, who considered the body to be a chemical laboratory, and life a chemical process? Try it; tear yourself loose from nosological distinctions, from local phenomena. A decided disease of the fluids needs the eye and the light of chemistry!

She is the sword of the present time, that cuts to pieces the vaccination as vain foolery. As certain as the Atlantic Ocean cannot be swallowed and digested by the river Delaware, as certain can the small-pox-poison not be swallowed and digested by the kine-pox-poison. But you can find their filthy excrements. *Discriminate!* As little as the ocean cares for the Delaware, as little does the small-pox care for vaccination. Does not our time, with its immense number of cases of itch and syphilis, of external and internal pox, whose hero is the cholera, prove the whole doctrine of vaccination to be a falsehood, and the law ordering it, a crime? Does it not show its entire uselessness as a protection-mancœuvre?

How the science *par excellence* wails! Dr. Elsasser already complains some thirty years ago:

“The kine-pox have, in the whole, disappointed us in our expectation of their protective value. Vaccination has not been able to remove the tendency to be infected by small-pox. The vaccine is generally overcome and alienated by the real small-pox.”

The principal vaccination physician of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, Dr. Seeger, says naively:

“We have indeed, NO CRITERION to decide, when and in what degree the protecting power of good vaccine is decreased or extinct in an individual. We have NO CRITERION for the degree of the susceptibility for small-pox of a person. We have NO CRITERION to determine the period of the duration of the protection. Individuals who have been formerly vac-

inated, are, before all others, liable to be attacked by small-pox; (of course, *dignus est operarius mercede sua!*)” *Elsasser says:*

“In the course of a general epidemy, a great many of the not-vaccinated-children get the lightest kind of small-pox. In Baden, where the law requires general vaccination, was the last small-pox-epidemy at least as destructive as formerly. Kine-pox and small-pox are often found combined, each taking its own course, and both interfering with each other.” And Heim adds:

“The regular small-pox, care not the least for the best flourishing vaccine.”

Once more! The disease is yet as malicious as it was at the time of the Arabs, who gave the first description of it, (Rhazes,) and cares not a farthing for vaccination! Besides, the vaccine-pustule and vaccine-mark may stand every kind and variation of small-pox, and other similar matter-expulsion possible, at a time when there exists a small-pox epidemy.

It is certainly a very convenient faith, a sweet-sounding syren-song, a very nice practice, that leaves the mind perfectly at ease to think and assume that the vaccination hocus-pocus bestows Achillean inviolability; and that the medical holy water purifies perfectly; and that we, therefore, may carelessly violate the temple of Hygiea, the temple of Æsculape, and that we may continue to gluttonize, to carouse, to dissipate without punishment. *Dominus vobiscum! Deus se irrideri non patitur.*

THIRD ARTICLE OF FAITH.

§ 25. "*Vaccination is the ONLY reliable means to banish the small-pox with its destructive consequences.*" We will not even think of its banishment at all, "*ne desinas in piscem;*" it should rather be called their firm settlement in the country, because everybody will, with the great Sarcone, who (1753 to 1755, and 1760 to 1768) saw in Naples the most malignant and fatal epidemics, "easily comprehend, that a body encumbered with the small-pox-poison, can only then gain health, when the small-pox come to the surface, or when the impurity, that travels about in the blood and fluids of the body; is ejected through the usual channels."

But if a man has no poison in himself, and it is FORCED into him by vaccination and re-vaccination, the disposition to it must finally show itself. Greenwood gets dry, and burns! In the first case, man gets careless against his enemy; in the other, he is thrown treacherously in his arms; and science rests quietly and self-complacently on the easy couch of routine, instead of searching for further and more rational means, because Pythia has clairvoyized of the "*only*" remedy:—"the gold of Ophir."

I have already mentioned above, that the infection spreads after many vaccinations, through this very matter, when it is the least thought of. The small-pox-disease could, therefore, never leave us, even if its time had run out. The people hold it closely and firmly in their arms. The plague which devastated (in the 17th century) Europe so frequently, seemed,

according to Schnurrer's ingenious view, (Chron. of Epid., II. 203,) in 1666, to dissolve itself for Western Europe, into other milder diseases, f. i. dysentery, purples, scarlet fever, inflammations of the throat, &c. Henssler shows the symptoms of the later syphilis in the symptoms of leprosy; and even this Venus had lost, for some time, the wings of catarrh and exanthem, (which she at present seems to re-assume.) In a great many other contagious and fatal diseases let us recognize the same process of dissolution in their history of pathological development. How shall and can the same take place with the small-pox, if we assiduously and continually prevent it with all might?

Throw away reason and history! Be it so!—The last few years ought to open our eyes mightily; and, where this is not the case, there can't exist eyes at all! With a false passport, under different well-known family-names of diseases, mostly in the stolen dress of catarrh, sneaks the small-pox-poison through the civilized, vaccinated world; it torments the stomach and its fellows; irritates, lames, and softens our nerve-marrow; throws the whole economy of our body into misery; veils the soul, and troubles us yet in our dreams. "What is the matter?" exclaims Druggo, "the diseases will not heal *properly*." "And I," sighs Lilliput, "am quite out of all precedence; I cure, and nobody gets well! My prescription will not answer the object." The old-woman-practice is at its wit's-end!—Have then the stormy times turned the medical science also upside down?—The physicians vaccinate furiously on and on; and see, the

false and treacherous vaccine goes laughingly to bed with the small-pox-poison, and feeds and caresses it! Medicine stands confused before the people! The promised banishment does not really exist; on the contrary, the people complain louder,—for like marauders moves the poison, destroying, laming in their interior about, for months and years. High and low immolate, in despair, to superstition, to sympathy, to Spiritualism, in vain!—You, then, benign Nature! help us; I throw myself on your breast!—And see! she sends her fever-troops, and throws the enemy, in small skirmishes, or in *one* pitched battle, partly out of the openings of the body, partly out in blisters and boils. Liberty! real, sound liberty, of life and happiness, is now felt by the grateful sufferer, but the drug-guild and popular infatuation exclaims against it—and vaccinates again and again, instead of forbidding it at once.

THE SMALL-POX-POISON EXISTS! It shows itself far more frequently on the internal mucous membrane of the throat, nose, eyes, tongue and mouth, in the intestines, &c., than on the external surface. If it does not make its appearance, we can with mathematical certainty calculate, that it will break out in a *wilder* form, as decomposing, putrid, contagious disorder and cholera. The government ought, therefore, rather to offer prizes for the wholesome discovery of means, by which the poison could again be brought from the interior of the human body to its surface. But, instead of urging science to learn to act specifically against the poison itself—instead

of forming medical battle-lines against the enemy—the old beaten track is followed on and on, a systematic prescription is written, and the people are vaccinated for their own destruction!

Deus sit testis inter me and inter te! Quid vidisti hypocrita? Scientiam profanasti! terram tuam perdidisti! populum tuum occidisti.

§ 26. “According to your lamentations, there ought to be an uncommonly large number of patients and deaths!” Certainly! and I will even acknowledge that there are seasons sometimes remarkably free from fatal diseases. But, we must discern between *disease-condition*, and the *breaking out of diseases*.

Sickly is the by far greatest number of the people, carrying, as they do, in themselves, the latent poison; but, while some are perfectly conscious of their miserable condition, there are many others too careless of their own self to perceive it.

“*I have always had an excellent stomach and perfect digestion: now I have to be extremely careful—a little too much, or not enough, upsets me; the smallest fault in my diet presses and puffs me up, and punishes me with excruciating sufferings!*” The digestion is changeable, slow, difficult and painful; the appetite small, and asks for piquant and cool things, viz.: ham, salt-fish, salad, fruit, acids. Breakfast is the worst meal, and a sensation of faintness compels them to eat something: for otherwise the condition of the body, without food, would be unbearable. If this weakness is helped by eating, another unpleasantness appears: fullness, distension of the stomach,

indolence, and drowsiness. The sufferer feels in an uncomfortable manner, which is often painful in the pit of the stomach, where and how the stomach is situated, and that the digestion is not readily, but lazily, imperfectly, and unwillingly performed.

“My stomach is a perfect vinegar-factory, or produces nothing but phlegm: I spit up nothing but salt masses.” Sometimes, there appears some nausea, or some slight vomiting; and a slight diarrhoea relieves much. Things are wrong in the abdomen: it rumbles, pinches and swells; stitches are often felt in the left side; the abdomen hangs down like a drummed and inactive sac; the back complains, knees and feet feel tired; there is less urine than usual; but, what there is, is bad, and somewhat acrid; wind and stool smell carrion-like. The latter contains much slime, and often worms. The *emptiness* and *fullness* of the stomach reflect upon the head; the FORMER, as headache, dizziness. *“I feel,”* says my neighbor, *“as if I had the very mischief in my stomach”*—another complains: *“I have a sensation as if my victuals were in my head;”*—the LATTER, as merely thick, stupid feeling: the emptiness, at night, as sleepiness, terrible dreams, &c.; the fullness, as sorrowful, heavy sleep. The hair of the head decays. The condition of the head indicates clearly the condition of the stomach. This emptiness and fullness of the stomach, is with others reflected in the respiratory sphere. The interior of the throat of some swells up with cherry-red color, and grey-white pustules appear; the voice suffers. There is generally something the

matter in the throat and back. With others, again, we find a snuffling, catarrhal irritation of the nose, throat, windpipe, chest, when a dry, hot, sirocco-breath is exhaled *up* from the throat. He longs instinctively for water, swallows greedily quite unusual quantities, and yet excretes comparatively very little by sweat and urine, as if fire was scorching his interior. He now perceives that there is much heat in his body, particularly as he finds that his excrements are also very hot; and yet he feels, on the other side, how little animal heat his body really possesses, how sensitive his external surface is, particularly his spinal column. He does not avoid the burning rays of the sun; he stands before a red-hot stove, and presents his back to the heat, and expresses his grateful feelings, by exclamations of "*Oh! ah! O how lovely!*" and other expressions of comfortable-ness. He then takes, with the greatest exertion, a walk—and sighs, with a quid of tobacco or a segar in his mouth: "*I certainly shall one of these days die from below upwards!*" till finally a cup of strong hot coffee, or a glass of hot punch, restores some kind of an equilibrium. At another time is the exterior condition of the temperature quite the opposite. An unpleasant, dry, burning heat, lames and destroys the strength; he hastens to take a bath. He feels best in the open air. As soon as the first digestive labors are over, he enjoys again some comfort, and feels able to exert himself somewhat; he is content, till the debility returns from the stomach. Connected with these symptoms is a tired, melan-

cholic, or an excitable, nervous manner about him, which emaciates one, while another fattens, sponge-like,—a third yawns eternally, and sighs without an apparent cause,—a fourth, the most fortunate of all, has on his body always something to scratch, or to plaster.

The fire of the eye, the color, the fullness and the expression of the face expires slowly with the decrease of the elasticity of the muscles and mental activity. Every other weak part of our body begins now to make itself felt. The plethora complains of debility, blood-congestion; the blood-vessels enlarge; the menses become too copious; the parturition difficult. Old colds, sore throats, worms wake up; rheumatic pains move about like marauders; the piles give unusual trouble; the gout is more irritable and painful; the eruptions and salt rheums get livelier; scrofula appears in all shades as *la maladie du jour* in the foreground; the tuberculous sufferer coughs early and late in crampy attacks; the consumptive goes out like a light, or swells up; dropsy returns; jaundice conceals itself behind a green, yellowish, clay-color; hysteria is playing much mischief; syphilis and itch will not heal radically; and a kind of intermittent-fever appears readily after a meal.

Thus—with these *changes* in the digestion, in the feelings of weakness in the muscles, nerves, senses, soul and heart; in the decrease of even body-temperature; of sleep, and his usual imbecilities—lives the poor already infected sufferer, without consulting a physician, generally following his inherited super-

stition, and his perverse instinct, in an unsatisfactory condition about himself, whether he be well or sick; he even considers it hardly worth while to molest a physician with his complaints, or to limit his labor. Although many a father might perceive (if he would only take the trouble to look) that something is wrong about the health of his family; that there passes not a day without complaint; that his wife fades unusually early away; and that his children remain *green*, and will not bloom; that they very often get fever attacks, and waste away, or eject matter by suppuration from their bodies;—although he could see, that everywhere in other families the same sad condition exists: he really sees nothing, thinks nothing, and does nothing. *Time of nullity! Vive le zero!*

This imperfect description of a state, *where people do not yet consider themselves sick*, indicates the *general* health-condition of our population, undermined as it is by the small-pox and vaccine-poison. The people are, in reality, far more diseased than they think themselves. It indicates the dark cloud that hangs over our life-horizon, the seed-field of the world-contagium, and confirms the old, but highly important position: that in no disease the sympathy with heart, brain and *external skin*, is so great, as in affections of the mucous membranes; and that they are the deeper and the more tenacious, the less or the more remote from them the pain is. The legitimate, most radical, and, therefore, most fortunate excretion of this poisonous matter, is, according to experience,

mediated by the breaking out of the small-pox ; a fact that, in later times, has happily often occurred in the most satisfactory manner. Yet people lament about it ; and miserable, injurious vaccination is continuously sent in the field against it. What will our experience be, when man himself complains, and the *centrifugal power of Nature* forms diseases out of those yet quietly resting disease-matters ; and what is worse yet, when, by-and-by, the *centripetal power* of the poison pervades all the various interior provinces of our organization ? Then only, when misery and wretchedness grim us with our vaccination-marks scoffingly in the face,—then only will we hasten to fill the lamp of salvation with the oil of true science. The small-pox-matter creeps at present through the inside of the people only, as it were, in great and dark passages. *Woe to him who feeds this snake by vaccine !*

§ 28. The small-pox-matter is a poison produced in our own body, in our stomach, as soon as our vitality, be it in consequence of the condition of our life, or of the years in which we have lived, sinks below the normal standard, and passes over from the vital-chemical more into the chemico-vital. In the perfect man who is healthily nourished, like a strong tree, all chemistry falls too short ; but not in the opposite case. Here is the sickening small-pox-matter easily demonstrable. That this matter cannot be *Evaccinated* out of the body, but only impeded by a radical change in the order of life, and removed by a sensible interference of a *natural cure-method* in its

effect and continuous development, is beyond contradiction clear. Our life and medical treatment must be changed: these are the only real protective means against the malicious and destructive enemy of the welfare and increase of the human family. Let us then submit!—Vaccine has changed the civilized world into a deceptive pool of evils, the names of which blind yet the people; it has in reality produced no other benefit, if benefit it be, but a numerically immense increase of physicians. *Him, who is ripe for the small-pox, will and can save nothing but the ejection of the matter. To vaccinate him who has got no small-pox-matter in him, or who is not yet prepared for their ejection, and then congratulate him as being safe from the disease, is a* PERNICIOUS SIMPLICITY, *but not a* SANCTA SIMPLICITAS; *it is* SUBLIMELY RIDICULOUS. Whoever is unable or unwilling to free himself at once and entirely from this sweet Baal's faith, may have the pleasure to look at the children whom my intervening protest has already saved from vaccination. The difference between vaccinated and not-vaccinated children is striking, and so palpable, that words are unnecessary. In families, those that are vaccinated, always give me the most trouble. If you wish to be better satisfied yet, raise beside a vaccinated child, an unvaccinated one! Cease to play frivolously with the life-happiness of your child! Let us by all means restore the beneficial love-relation with good old mother Nature, by the well-regulated use of her natural gifts, and by the purer application of her pure remedies; and let us drive the poisoning

imp, the good-for-nothing vaccine, out of the country. Let us accuse none! Government and physicians have acted in good faith. Although we must stand confused and overwhelmed in painful silence before the past follies, let us learn from it for the future! *Pudore victi in nos ipsos descendamus, resipiscamus. Hominis errare, insipientis vero in errore perseverare!*

We decidedly require this:

1. That every regulation imposing vaccination, be at once abolished.

2. That every physician and government warn the people against vaccination.

3. That every physician who ventures to vaccinate, be made responsible for the injury done by his act.

4. That the legislative bodies will enact laws for the prohibition of vaccination, for the reason that the operator exposes himself to the danger of injuring, or even killing an innocent human being.

5. That the government make it an object of particular care, to try to retrieve the immense injury done already by vaccination, by establishing bathing establishments, &c.

§ 29. How much more prosperous would this so eminently blessed country be, if vaccination had never been introduced, or would have been forbidden as a sanitary measure! and how much happier would the people be in soul and body, and general welfare, had they never been vaccinated!

The latter question has, as far as the body is concerned, been already answered; the former is a matter for the consideration of the government. The

continued encroachment of poison in the physical state-body, is clearly an important external event—an historical “*fait accompli*,” the cause of which can change in the same manner as it has shown itself injurious in the single organism, the metamorphosis of the organization of the state, and, if persisted in, may impede and destroy society in its free development and progress. *The political life of a nation is mostly the expression of their physical condition. Not the spirit nourishes the body, as Virgil says, but the body the spirit.*

When organizations that are not poisoned, but harmoniously conditioned, live socially together, we can comprehend how easily a unite-tie of order, morality, and welfare may embrace them. Let us further examine, with Foster, their connection with regard to the sound stomach. The quality, quantity, the combination of food have the greatest influence, not alone on the momentary impressions which our soul receives, but also on its social disposition or humor. A man is, no matter how sober he may be before a meal, not what he is after it. A glass of liquor, a cup of coffee, give different degrees of vivacity, of activity, of irritability, despondency, or hilarity. One kind of food, because it lies heavily in the stomach, makes us morose and fretful; another, because it is easily digested, disposes us to amiability and kindness. The use of vegetables alone makes, because they are not nutritious enough, the body weak, and predisposes us to quiet, laziness, and mildness; the use of nutritious meats and fluids,

which stimulate the nerves, produces restlessness, excitement, and courage. In these habits of nutrition, originate habits in the bodily constitution and organs, out of which the various temperaments form themselves. Long experiences had taught the ancients, that the knowledge of Dietetics form an important part of moral philosophy. The ancient Persians and Greeks acted in the areopagus upon important matters only before meals. Those people, who in the heat of meals, or under the vapor of digestion, consult about important affairs, show, in their assemblages, violence and stormy excitement; and their resolutions are often unreasonable and rebellious. If this is the case with the healthy stomach, what shall we expect of one that is poisoned?

Many a disorder and row would not take place, if the small-pox-poison did not irritate, torture, and often paralyze the digestive apparatus; and it would not be difficult to derive many a disorderly tumult of our eminent men, and their unbecoming violence in the legislative chambers of our governments, from that same source. More yet! The vaccine and small-pox-poison penetrates into the very mass of fluids of the people; the *whole* life-disposition, therefore, that is, the whole revelation of their mind and heart, gets disturbed; their intelligence, their conviction, their principles, their religion, their ideas of freedom, right and duty, their character and fate, become injuriously affected and changed. The disharmony of the organs must necessarily drag the mind into the bodily quarrel, and the intellectual

and physical development of the individual cross each other most disturbingly. The body and the soul of man can never be thought as separated in this life. Such serious physical changes, as a many years' continued poisoning, must of necessity have the most decisive influence upon the political horizon of the country. A. von Humboldt says :

“The influence is eternal, which the physical nature exercises over the moral disposition of man;”

And Schnurrer adds :

“Physical events have really, in every period of history, if not incited, at least laid hold of the fates and epochs of the human family.”

CONCLUSION.

THE FALL OF MAN.

Now the country-wench was more subtle, than all persons else, and she said unto Science: "Should God have said, ye shall *not* eat of every thing of the cow?"

And Science said unto the wench: "We *may* eat of the cow whatever is wholesome—the flesh and the milk. But we *must not* eat the flesh of a *diseased* cow, or drink the milk of a sick udder; least of all must we take into ourselves the diseased eruption of the kine-pox. Most painfully do I recall the years of murrain, when God said: 'Ye shall not eat of the cow, nor shall ye even touch it, lest ye die!'"

And the wench said unto Science: "Ye shall surely *not* die; for God knoweth that, in the day ye vaccinate with the kine-pox,—ye need not swallow it,—ye will wrest yourself from fate and necessity, into freedom, be exempt from small-pox, handsomer, stronger and more spiritual than ever!"

And when Science saw that such easy work was more pleasant than racking the brain, she summoned her man, the physician, to visit the cow in the stable; and he, too, comprehended that *this* practice would

be more comfortable. And the eyes of both "were opened," and they knew that the Lord had dissolved the murrain and the small-pox, though Jenner had *not*, and covered their nakedness with vaccine-reports and optimist reasonings.

And they heard again, in our day, the voice of the Lord walking in the garden of the peoples, with influenza, small-pox, typhus, cholera, yellow-fever; with many other malignant and putrid evils. And the physician "hid himself" behind the medical college and government from this clear truth.

And the Lord called from among the complaining peoples, saying: "Physician, where art thou?"

And the physician answered: "I heard the wail of the peoples, and I was afraid; for I *know not how to heal* the wounds I have inflicted, and therefore I hid myself."

And the Lord said: "Who told thee that thou hadst acted without sense and reason? Hast thou not—in mockery of all sound sense, and merely following the tattle of a country-wench—thoroughly poisoned my peoples?"

And the physician replied: "The college where I studied, and all my medical brethren *advised* me to vaccinate, and so I vaccinated!"

And the Lord said unto Science: "What is this that thou hast done?"

And Science answered: "A country-wench asserted, that she would not get the small-pox, because she had had the kine-pox."

And the Lord said unto the girl: "Because thou

hast done this, thou shalt suffer most from vaccination; thy youth shall not bloom as the flower of the field; thy spine shall curve under the inner poison; thy sick body shall hinder thy development, and thou shalt eat steel and earth. There shall be enmity between thee and medicine. If thou seekest help from the cow, milk and whey shall harm thee; and there shall be little joy for thee in the drug-shop, or on the orthopædic bed, or in the tendon-cut, piercing thy heel. And when thou becomest a wife, thou shalt look greenish-yellow, and have many sorrows, when thou art blessed; thou shalt bring forth thy children in pain and anguish, with the help of a physician; and the poison shall be divided between thee and thy child."

And unto the man the Lord said: "Because thou hast hearkened to the prattling voice of a foolish country-girl, and permitted thy house to be filled with poisonous matter, which divine Nature found to be *unfit even for a beast*, and therefore ejected it, thy wife and thy children, instead of being the happiness of thy existence, shall cause thee much trouble, and anxiety and expense; thy marriage shall bring forth for thee thorns and thistles, instead of joy and blessedness."

But the Lord drove the physician out of Paradise, and placed before the garden of families and people, the flaming cherub: "of a severe Law, which is the result of rational research, and which will lead humanity to a more prosperous future by a return to Nature."

The judgment of the New Testament is :

“If any man shall defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy ; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.”—1 Cor. iii. 17.

THE END.

